





Laugh and be Fat:
OR, AN
ANTIDOTE
AGAINST
MELANCHOLY.
CONTAINING

- I. Great Variety of Comical
Intrigues and Stories, in Town
and Country.
- II. Poems upon Various Occasions.
- III. Witty Epigrams and Whims.
- IV. Epitaphs Serious and Comical.
- V. Pleasant Songs and Ballads.

*Written by the most Ingenious Authors
of the Age.*

The Ninth Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed by A. W. for A. Bettesworth, at the
Red-Lyon in Pater-Noster-Row. 1724.



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THE PREFACE:



Think there needs nothing further to recommend the following Collection, than to acquaint the World, That amongst the entertaining Variety therein contained there are several excellent Things, reputed to be Written by some of the most Masterly Pens that the present Age hath hitherto been Proud of; but whether Printed by Consent of, or Revis'd by the Authors, I will not venture to affirm, without better Assurance.

The Persons concern'd in this Publication hope no Gentlemen, will be offended at the Liberty they have taken, in rudely Introducing their Papers into such mix'd Company, without Deference to their Merit, or Regard to that Precedency which they ought to, and should have had, but that the Book was Collected by Degrees, and one Sheet wrought off before another was Completed; I was there-

The P R E F A C E

fore desir'd by the Bookseller, who was himself the chief Gleaner of the following Miscellany, to write this Preface, on purpose to beg Pardon of any Gentleman Proprietor, who shall think himself Injur'd in the Use of any of his Writings, without his Leave or Knowledge.

Having thus far pursu'd the Instructions of the Bookseller, I now think my self oblig'd to say something in relation to myself.

A worthy Gentleman, Author of Mr. T. Brown's Life, (though how much Justice has done to the Memory of his Friend, let the World judge) has been pleas'd there to pay an High Flying Compliment upon me, that don't remember I ever deserv'd at his Hand and in return to which, though I allow him to be a wonderful discreet Gentleman, and a celebrated Bard, yet I would have him think he more exceeds Doctor G——h in Poetry, than the Hooting of an Owl does the Harmony of a Nightingal. So farewell.

T H



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Laugh

Laugh and be Fat, &c.

*The Parson and the Fowls : Or, The Maid
too Cunning for her Master.*

A Rich old Batchelor, a Clergy-
man in the Country, having
made choice of a pretty young
Maid to be his House-keeper, had or-
der'd, upon a certain *Sunday*, a couple of
Fowls to be got ready for his Dinner,
that after he had given his Congregation
a little Christian Consolation at Church,
he might come Home and refresh his
tired Vitals with a dainty Modicum.
When the Clark, and his loobily Affi-
stants, had chim'd all in for about a
Quarter of an Hour, away jogg'd the
Shepherd to fodder his Sheep, and mea-
sure his Time by the Hour-Glass, leaving
his pretty House-keeper to prepare the
Cacklers again the accustomed Time of
his Return.

The diligent Maid, when she thought
her Ghostly Master had been long
enough

enough Exalted two Degrees above the Clark, to get about a Quarter of an Hour on the right Side of his Text, guess'd it a very proper Time to lay down the Fowls, which she did accordingly. As the Tit-Bits were running merrily round before a rowling Fire, who should take the Advantage of the Parson's Absence, but his House-Keeper's Sweet-heart, who, by his pleasant comical Hoity-Toities, and other winning Accomplishments, had so wrigg'l'd himself into her Affections, That he had as much Command of her as her Master.

The Maid, having mistaken the Time of Day, happen'd to be a little too early with her Cookery, so that the Fowls were full ready before the Parson had given his hungry Auditory Leave to return Home to their Puddings and Dumplings. The Sweet-heart, being a Fellow of an incomparable Stomach, thought it great pity such good Victuals should be spoil'd for want of eating, and very eagerly solicited his loving Jug, to spare him one of the Fowls to stop a little Hole he had in his Appetite, telling her, One would be sufficient for her Master, and that she

had Wit enough to contrive some Story or other handsomely to excuse the Matter.

The Maid, being willing to oblige her Lover, who she found was so desirous to to oblige her upon all Occasions, ventur'd to take up one to save the Longing of her Sweet-heart, who, being very well prepar'd for such a nice Entertainment, gobbl'd it up with such Expedition, that before his Benefactress had wound up the Jack, he had not so much as left the Claws which the poor Cockril us'd to scratch the Dunghil withal.

He had no sooner thus dispatch'd his Sweet-heart's first Courtesie, but he began to be very importunate with her for the second, telling her, an Excuse was as easily made for both, as for one ; and that she had as good be Hang'd for a Sheep as a Lamb ; till at last, by adding a few melting Kisses to his ravenous Solicitations, he prevail'd upon her to draw the other off the Spit, that he might finish his Meal, by robbing the Parson of his Sunday's Dinner. The second Bird being brought before him, he lost no Time, but drove down the former

former with the latter, without any visible Abatement of either his Speed or his Appetite. When he had cleared the Dish, and wash'd all down with a Cup of the Parson's best Beer, he took a thankful Leave of his Mistress, who now began to be at her Wits end, how to excuse her Foolishness.

As she was thus pondering with herself, who should step in, but the Parson and a Stranger with him, who coming from another Town to hear him Preach, the Parson thought himself oblig'd to invite him to Dinner with him.

No sooner had the Levite conducted his Guest into the Parlour, but he beg'd his Pardon a Minute, and retir'd into another Room to whet his Knife upon the Frame of an old Table, which was always his Custom before Dinner; the Maid, in a Peck of Fears and Trouble, took the Advantage of this Interim, and stepping into the Parlour in a strange seeming sort of Disorder, frightens away her Master's Guest, with a surprizing Story as follows, *viz.* ' Lord, Sir, how
' came you to venture your self home with
' my Master at this time of Day? When, if
' you had known, you might have easily
discover'd

discover'd by his Countenance, he is in one of his old Freaks. Why, what's the matter with him? *Says the Country Farmer,* he was very civil to me in the Church-Yard, and by all means would bring me Home to Dine with him. Alas! good Sir *reply'd the Maid,* What ever you do, let me advise you to make the best of your Way out of the House, for if you stay, now he is in one of his frenzical humours, he will certainly Geld you; and I dare say he is whetting his Knife for the same purpose: He has lately serv'd two or three so already, tho' they have had the Discretion to keep it silent, because they would not be laugh'd at. I thank thee kindly, Sweetheart, *cry'd the Countryman,* are these his Tricks, with a Pox to him? Wounds! shew me the next Way out, for I would not lose my Tarriwags for the best Dinner in *Christendom*: Upon which she shew'd him a Back-Door, and away run my Gaffer as if the Devil was at his Heels.

He had not been gone a Minute, but in comes the Parson with his Knife in his Hand, and finds his Maid stamping and storming, as if she was raving Mad, in the Parlour, with an empty, smear'd

smear'd Dish upon the Table, and his
 Guest gone : ' What's the matter now, *says*
 ' *the Parson* : Where's the Man gone that I
 ' brought home with me ? Lord, Sir, *replies*
 ' *the Maid*, I never saw such an unmannerly
 ' Hound since my Eyes were open, I no
 ' sooner brought the Fowls to the Table,
 ' but he snatch'd them both out of the Dish,
 ' and cramm'd 'em into his Codpiece, and
 ' away he scow'r'd out of the Back-Door
 ' as if the Devil were in him. Nouns, *says*
 ' *the Priest*, I am resolv'd the impudent
 ' Rogue shall not Cozen me of my Dinner
 ' so : And away runs the Parson after the
 Countryman, who, by this Time, had
 gotten near a Field's Length off of him;
 but however, having Preach'd himself
 very Hungry, he trotted away after him
 with his naked Knife in his Hand, crying
 out, ' Give me, you brazen Rogue, what
 ' you have run away with in your Breech-
 ' es ; *the Fellow answering as he ran*, Efaith,
 ' Doctor, not I, I would rather see you
 ' hang'd first. The Parson finding the Fel-
 low too nimble for him, was very willing
 to compound, and cry out in milder Terms,
 ' Prithee, Friend, don't run away with 'em
 ' both, but be so kind as to let me have
 ' one of 'em. Not I, by the Mass, *replies*
 ' *the*

the Fellow, I had rather see you at the Devil, than part with either of 'em.' The Farmer being Young and Lusty, soon got Ground of the Parson, so that he was forc'd to give over his Chase, and return home Puffing and Blowing, having nothing left but Batchelor's Fare, viz. Bread and Cheese and Kisses for his *Sunday's* Dinner.

The Lady's Complaint against the Merchant, for running away with the Pump.

A Turkey Merchant Travelling on the Road, about 20 Miles from *London*, happen'd to be overtaken by very bad Weather a little before Night, and having no Prospect of a Publick House to have Recourse to for Shelter, being a Man of Figure, he resolv'd to beg Admittance at the first House he came to, to avoid the Severity of the encreasing Storm ; he had not Galloped on a Furlong further, but he came to a pretty neat Box which stood by the Highway Side, where he beheld a very Beautiful Lady looking out of a Window, upon which he rid up to the Door, and applying himself to the Lady at the Casement, humbly begged her to take Pity upon a distressed Traveller, and that

that she would be so kind as to give him a Reception till the Violence of the Storm was blown over, or abated: The compassionate Lady discerning him to be a Gentleman, soon granted his Request, and ordered her Servant to admit her Weather-beaten Suppliant, and to take care of his Horse: He had no sooner taken Sanctuary in his little Paradise, as he thought it, but a rousing Fire was kindled in the Parlour, and a Cap, Night-Gown, Shirt, Slippers, and all Conveniencies were brought him to refresh him.

When he had thus refreshed his Body with a good Fire and a dry Garment, he presented his Service to the Lady by her Waiting-Maid, and humbly craved Leave to pay his Respects to the Lady, and that she would honour him with an Opportunity of returning her Thanks for the great and charitable Obligation she had conferred upon him. No sooner was the Message delivered, but the generous Lady very readily blessed him with her Company: After he had attacked her Ears with a whole Volley of Complements, and discharged himself at her Entrance very much like a Gentleman,

him the The to be quest, her take r ta- e, as was ight- veni- fresh Body ment, y by aved Lady, h an nanks lliga- No, but effed had olley him- ke a man,

Gentleman, she call'd for a Bottle of Canary, and order'd a very agreeable cold Entertainment to be brought in, for the Present.

By this time, the Gentleman presum'd so far, as to ask the Lady if she was marry'd, who answer'd in the Negative; further telling him. ' That she was oblig'd to a Gentleman, who was her peculiar Friend, for her Residence in that House, who was gone a long Journey into *Scotland*, and that she did not expect him back this six Weeks; and wishal, assur'd him, since the Weather prov'd so bad, he should be very welcome to stay all Night, if it suited with his Conveniency. The Gentleman being a jolly, juvenile Spark, and very amorously inclin'd, had no Power to refuse so kind an Invitation from so fair a Lady, but made a facetious Acknowledgment of her Favour, and thankfully accepted of her obliging Proffer; and to prevent any Mistrust, that upon more mature Deliberation, she might have of his being some designing Person, he plucks a Letter out of his Pocket, directed to him at this House in *London*, For Sir Robert J——, a Justice of the Peace in the City, which had been sent him about
three

three Days before by the Penny post, the Lady read it over with abundance of Intention, making him a Compliment when she had done, *viz* ' That there need No-
' thing further than his Appearance to
' prove him a Gentleman.

The Merchant, as he had good Reason, believing her to be a Lady in Keeping, began to take Heart of Grace, and to treat her after such an amorous Manner, that was sufficient to let her understand he expected, as certainly as he lay there that Night, that she should be his Bed-fellow ; so, that when Supper was over, having prepar'd her with a few melting Kisses, and other softening Preliminaries, he took the Freedom to make her sensible of the unexpressible Happiness he had the Hopes of enjoying ; to which she seem'd neither very averse, nor yet over-forward, but cunningly signify'd, she wanted some further Inducement than barely Love and Importunity, to bring her to a Compliance ; upon which, the Merchant being an Intelligible Man, soon discover'd her Meaning, and being elevated by her Charms and Dalliance, to the highest Pitch of Desire,

told

told her, ' That he had no Present about him worthy of her Acceptance ; but if, at any Time, when she came to *London*, she would give her self the Trouble to send for him to any Tavern, he would be extreamly glad to wait on her, and that he would present her with Fifty Guineas, to buy her a Diamond Ring, if she would do him the Honour to wear it for his sake. She seemingly took but slight Notice of his generous Offer ; but however, began to shift off her former Coyness, and Lip led him into a pretty good Assurance, that he had gain'd the Point, and at last condescended so far, as to promise him her Favours, which was no sooner done, but a convenient Bed of Resignation was ordered to be sheeted next to her own Chamber, whither she could have an easy Recourse at Midnight, without Discovery.

When all Things were in Readiness, the Merchant hasted to his Pillow, thinking every Minute an Age till the Business was consummated : When all Things were hush, the Servants gone to Bed, and the Opportunity proved seasonable, the Lady was as good as her Word, and nothing but *Sallenger's Round* was

was reciprocally danc'd, till both Parties were rather tired than satisfy'd. About Day-break, the Lady bid him Good-morrow, and returned to her own Bed, leaving her weary'd Lover to refresh himself with a little Sleep after his hard Night's Journey. When three or four Hours Repose had enabled him to rise up he got, and recovering his Loss of Spirits with a plentiful Cup of mulled Canary, he returned the Lady abundance of Thanks for her compassionate Favours, discharged himself handsomely of the Servants, and so proceeded on his Journey.

About a Month after, the Lady came to Town, and according to her Lover's Directions, made bold to send for him from his own House; but the Gentleman recollecting what an extravagant Promise he had made the Lady, in Requital of her Favours, thought it the wisest way to neglect going; accordingly sent back Word, 'That he was very busie, and could not possibly wait on her; which provoking Slight, after the Pretence of so much Kindness, justly kindled in the Lady such a revengeful Indignation that her nimble Wits had soon formed

Project

Project how she should be even with him, resolving to put her Design in Practice with all Expedition.

Accordingly she takes Coach, and orders the Coachman to drive her to Sir Robert F——, a known Justice of the Peace, and the very Gentleman who sent the Letter to the Merchant which he had shown to the Lady: Sir Robert being at Home and at Leisure, she was soon admitted to acquaint the Justice with her Business, who told him, That she had a great Complaint against his Friend Mr. Hazard. The Justice seem'd much surpriz'd, that so pretty a Lady should appear as an Enemy against his Friend, whom he always thought to be a Man of unspotted Reputation, and desir'd to know what she had to charge him with: Upon with the injur'd Lady thus laid open her Grievances, viz. 'Your Friend, Mr. Hazard, the Merchant, not long since, took of me a very pleasant little Tenement, which he was to Occupy without any Lett, Hindrance, or Molestation, for a certain Term agreed on between both Parties, in consideration of the Sum of fifty Guineas, which he was to pay me upon demand, and after

' he had enjoy'd the Premises, with all its
 ' Appurtenances, the full time of the
 ' Agreement he quitted the Possession ve-
 ' ry Dishonourably, and now hides him-
 ' self from me, because he would not pay
 ' me the Money. Madam, *reply'd the Ju-
 ' stice*, I am very sorry to hear these things
 ' of a Gentleman who is my Friend and
 ' a Person that has always enjoy'd so fair
 ' a Character; but however, Madam
 ' these are Matters that come within the
 ' Cognizance of the Common-Law, so
 ' that they are not properly within my
 ' Sphere to meddle with, but this Service
 ' I can do you; if you please, Madam,
 ' I will send for him, and if, upon hearing
 ' both sides, I find he has done you wrong
 ' I will persuade him all that I can to do
 ' you Justice.

The Lady approv'd very well of the
 Proposal, and thank'd his Worship for
 his Civility; accordingly Sir Robert di-
 patch'd his Footman with a Message to
 Mr. Hazard, which brought him presen-
 tly before his fair Accuser, who repeat-
 ed over her former Complaint before the
 Face of the Offender: The Merchant
 first was very much surpriz'd to find him-
 self sent for upon this Occasion, 'till per-
 ceiving

ceiving the Lady had so wittily couch'd her Accusation under such a modest Allegory, and then he thought it best to acknowledge the Charge, lest, by denying it, he should provoke the Lady to give the Justice a full Explanation of her Meaning, to his open shame and dishonour, so that he confess'd he had taken a Tenement of her upon such a Consideration as was alledg'd. But, Madam, says he, you know there was a deep Well belonging to this Tenement, which wanted a substantial Pump, without which you are sensible the Tenement would have been of no use to me; therefore, since I was at the Expence of putting up such a Conveniency, I think it is but Justice that you should make a reasonable Abatement: But, Sir, replied the Lady, you must consider, when you quitted the Possession, that you took the Pump along with you; had you left the Pump standing, that I could have had the use of it when I had seen Occasion, I should now be very willing to allow any Deduction; but since that you put up the Pump for your own Pleasure, and carry'd it away with you when you left the Tenement, I think it but reason I should have my full Money. Well, Madam, replies the Gentleman, because you shall have no just reason to say, I have dealt hardly by a

fair Lady, I promise you, before I part with you, to give you your full Money, and to lend you the Pump in the Bargain, provided you will take care never to abuse it: The Lady punctually promis'd it should never be the worse for her wearing. So taking leave of Sir Robert, he waited upon the Lady to the next Tavern, in order to lend her the Pump, and pay her the Money.

*Thirty Thousand Pounds bid for a Pair of Band
strings; or the Two Precious Stones presented
to a rich Widow.*

A Rich old Alderman of the City of London, that dealt much in the Interloping Trade to the *East-Indies*, having a pretty young Gentleman to his Nephew who has been bred under him; and being willing to give him an Opportunity of raising his Fortune, sent him Abroad in the Post of a Super-Cargo, and withal gave him a Thousand Pounds to improve himself, with the best Directions he could how to manage it to Advantage: But the young Gentleman, it being his first Voyage, met with such unexpected Losses and Crosses Abroad, that he at last was forc'd to return home very *Unfortunate* and was so far from having added to his Uncle's Benevolence, that he had quite
embezzel'd

embezzel'd, not only his own Stock, but
 his Uncle's Cargo; however, making it
 appear to the old Gentleman, it was more
 owing to Misfortune than Extravagance,
 he was very kind and fatherly to his
 Kinsman, notwithstanding his Disap-
 pointment; and having a young, brisk
 Widow Lady, to whom he was a Cashier,
 and for whom he sometimes Traded, that
 us'd often to Dine with him, he resolv'd,
 by a Stratagem, to try if he could not
 recommend his Nephew as a Person wor-
 thy of her Affections, and as a Gentle-
 man proper to become her Husband.
 Accordingly, to put his Project in
 practice, he provided himself with a
 stout Horse whip, which he convey'd
 privately under his Cloak; and when
 thus arm'd for his Design, he desir'd his
 Nephew's Company to the Tavern, in
 order to take part of a small Collation;
 The young Gentleman, who was always
 very forward to obey his Uncle, shew'd
 himself ready in an Instant to answer his
 Request. And away troop'd the old Fox,
 to the next Tavern, with the Unfortu-
 nate Cub after him.

They were no sooner enter'd, but the
 Uncle desir'd a private Room above
 Stairs,

Stairs, a Quart of Claret and Tobacco, ordering the Drawer not to suffer any Body to disturb them in Half an Hour, for that they had some particular Business together, that would, at least, require that Time to be dispatch'd in.

When all things were performed according to Order, and the Door shut, the old Gentleman commanded his Nephew to strip to his Shirt, that he might see what Linnen he wore, for he had been informed he was grown such a nasty, lousy Sloven, that no Body would venture to lie with him. The young Gentleman, mightily surpriz'd at his Uncle's Request, could not imagine what to think of it; at last, considering some Body or other, thro' Prejudice, might report such a malicious Story, he resolv'd to give his Uncle the Satisfaction he requir'd, and accordingly pluck'd off his Coat and Wastecoat, assuring him it could be nothing but the spiteful Suggestion of some envious Person, who was his Enemy, and that in every Particular the Report was scandalously false.

When he was thus strip'd to his Shirt, the cunning old *Sly-Boats*, the better to effect his Ends, puts on his Spectacles, and fell to peeping about his Wrist-bands and

his Collar, as if, in good earnest, he had been looking for Vermine. Come, Sirrab, says he, *now down with your Breeches, let me look the Wasteband, for that's the most likely Harbour to find such Cattle in.* Lord, Sir, says the young Gentleman, *you command me now beyond Modesty.* I tell you, Sirrab, replies the Uncle, *I will see what Condition you are in, and therefore do as I bid you, or it shall be more out of your way than your Head is worth.* The Nephew, knowing his Uncle to be a Man of better Morals than to have any brutal Design upon him, for fear of disobliging him, condescended to his further Request, which he had no sooner done, but the old Cuffell to peeping in the Seams and Gathers, as earnestly as if he had no other Drift, than to see if he had been Lousie; but of a sudden, as he was thus searching, pretendly for the Creepers, up he starts, and before the other could pluck up his Breeches, he lugs out his Horse-whip, seemingly in a mighty Passion; Sirrab, says he, *let your Breeches bang. I have heard you Whored away your Money in Spain and Italy, and that you are returned home with such a damnable Pox, That the Testimonies of your Manhood are swell'd as big,* Sirrab, *as a couple of Norfolk Dumplins, and*

I am resolv'd before you stir, to know the Truth of the Matter, therefore lug out, you young Smock-smelling Plugtail, that I may see your Condition, or I will firk your Buttocks with this Instrument of Correction, till I make your Teeth chatter in your Codpiece. The young Gentleman believing from his Uncle's Passion he had really heard what he told him, between Fear and Anger, gave the old Gentleman the Liberty of beholding the Premises, that his own Eyes might bear Witness of the Falsehood of these base Aspersions.

When the Uncle had beheld all, according to his Judgment, in a very sound Condition. Now, Nephew, says he, I have a mind to make a Bargain with you, what shall I give for those Pair of Band-strings that Dame Nature has ty'd the Bottom of your Belly with. Lord, Sir, says the Kinsman, I would not take Twenty Thousand Pounds for them. I will give thee, replies the Uncle, Twenty Thousand Pounds for 'em, and that's more than they are worth by abundance of Money. Bless me, Sir, replies the Nephew, I wou'd not part with them for Forty. Thou extravagant Urchin, cries the old Dad I will give thee 30 Thousand for them, and if you will not take that you may keep them. In truth, Sir, re-

turns

turns the Young one, not I, I would not
 part with one of them for the Universe.
 Then thou may'st e'en dress thy self, *says*
the old Chap, and button up your Ware, for
 I shall not be your Purchaser. Pray, Sir,
says the Nephew, now your Heat's over,
 what is your Meaning? I am perfectly
 amaz'd at the Oddness of your Fancy.
 Hold your Tongue, Boy, *cries old Crusty*,
 and sit down to thy Bottle and Pipe, when
 thou hast that in thy Head, that I have in
 my Head, you will rightly understand my
 Meaning: He then proceeding to ask his
 Nephew, 'What ready Money he had at
 his Command; who told him, 'About
 50 Guineas, and that was all he had in
 the World. That's not sufficient, *says the*
old Gentleman, there's a Bank Bill for 200
 Pounds more; be sure you take care to
 get your self in good Equipage, and take
 a couple of Blacks from on board, and put
 'em in good Liveries and be ready to dine
 with me this Day Sennight. Having de-
 liver'd his Instructions, they drank their
 Bottle, and parted till the Time prefix'd.

The old Gentleman had not been re-
 turn'd Home above half an Hour, but who
 should step in to Sup with him, but the
 buxom Widow, who being very Merry
 and Jocund at the Table, gave the old Al-

derman a very seasonable Opportunity to put her in mind of *Matrimony*, wondering how so pretty a Lady, and so good a Fortune, could delight to spend so much of her Youth and Beauty without the Consolation of a good Husband, and withal began to speak mightily in the Praise of a jolly, handsome, young Nephew of his, who was lately come from the *East-Indies*, and had made so prosperous a Voyage, that, amongst the rest of his Effects, he had brought over a Couple of such precious Stones, that he himself, but a few Hours since, had bid him thirty thousand Pounds for, but could not prevail with him to part with them, because he had some Thoughts of Marrying, could he meet with a Lady to his Mind, and that he was resolv'd to keep them for a Present to his Bride. This prevailing Story took the list'ning Widow presently by the Ears, who very frankly express'd herself, 'That as the Gentleman 'was his Nephew, and one that she had so 'fair a Character of from so worthy a Per- 'son as himself, she should be very glad 'to see him, if it were for no other Rea- 'son, than that he was his Relation.

Upon this Encouragment, the old Gentleman told her, 'He had engag'd his Ne-
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phew to Dine with him upon that Day
Se'nnight, and if she would be pleas'd to
honour them with her good Company, he
should think himself greatly oblig'd to
her.' The Lady, upon the Alderman's
Request, answer'd, 'She would accept of
his Invitation.' And after she had exer-
cise'd her Tongue with a little Female
Tittle-tattle she took her leave, resigning
the old Alderman to his Ptisicky Cough,
and Flannel Night-Cap.

When the Day appointed came, all Per-
sons met according to Agreement, and
the young Spark had so improv'd his Ap-
pearance, by his Garb and Attendants,
that he look'd as great as a *Scotch Laird*
with a couple of his *Clans*, or *Vassals* at his
Elbow. The Lady, by that time Dinner
was over, could not forbear signifying,
by her Eyes, her Approbation of his Per-
son, so that by the old Gentleman's Ma-
nagement, and his Instructions to his Ne-
phew, the Matter was thoroughly effect-
ed in less than a Fortnight, and the
Wedding kept, tho' with some Privacy,
at the Alderman's own House, where
they had not Bedded above two or three
Nights, but the Bride expecting the cost-
ly Present of those Precious Stones the Al-
derman

derman had told her of, took an Opportunity one Night, when she was fast locked in the Embraces of her new Bedtowel, to ask him what what was become of those delicate rich Stones he had brought over with him from beyond Sea. 'My Dear, replied the Bridegroom, here they are at your service, upon my Word they are the individual Jewels my Uncle bid me Thirty thousand Pounds for, but I would not part with them; and upon my Word they shall not be set to any Body's Ring but thy own. Well, my Dear, says she since it is as it is, I am so far from Repenting my Bargain, that now you have presented them to me, I assure you I accept them so kindly, and like them so well, that all the Money in the Universe should not purchase them. So both Parties being well pleas'd, they lived very Comfortably together.

The Scolding Wifr: Or, The Husband's Comical Revenge.

A Jolly Suck-Bottle, who was unhappily decoyed into the wrangling State of *Matrimony*, happen'd to be blest'd over the Left Shoulder, with the Devil of a Termagant, so that if he was not ready

Oppor- to step into his *Matriage-Bed*, by that time
 ft loca *Bow-Bell* had proclaimed the Ninth Hour,
 Bedte he was sure to have his Ears siringed with
 becom such a Peal of *Tongue Thunder*, more terri-
 rough ble to his *Lungs* than the *Crowing* of a *Cock*
 ' M to the trembling *Lyon* : So that having
 ney are staid one Night with some of his merry
 ney an Companions beyond the Patience of his
 bid m Bed-Fellow, well knowing that his Bun-
 would dle of *Rue* would be highly provoked at
 Wor his Transgression, he bethought himself
 Ring of a Project that might her Clamours,
 says she and change the furious Scene into a plea-
 m Re sant Comedy.

Accordingly, he provided himself with
 a Pound of *Sausages*, which he buttoned
 u I ac into his *Codpiece*, and then staggered Home
 em fo to his Tormentor, in order to put his mer-
 iverse ry Conceit in Practice. No sooner was
 both he admitted into his noisy Habitation,
 lived but he found his *Teaser* so full charged
 Comi- with ill Language, that she let fly a
 Volly of *Rogues* and *Rascal* at him,
 wounding his *Reputation* beyond all Pa-
 appi- tience, taxing him with the Neglect
 State of *Family Duty*, crying, ' She was
 over sure nothing but the Company of
 of a lewd Women could occasion him to
 ready keep such unreasonable Hours. Upon
 to which

which Words he snatches up a Knife in one Hand, and clapping the other into his Breeches, cuts off one of the Sausages, and dabs it into the Fire, crying, 'He 'hoped now he should put an end to her 'Jealousy.' The frightened Wife took it to be the Testimony of his Manhood, and running to the Door, made a lamentable Cut-cry among the Neighbourhood. *That her Husband had Murder'd himself by cutting off his Doolittle, and flinging it into the Fire begging them to rise, for the Lord's sake, and to come to her Assistance.*

The good Women, much alarm'd at such a frightful Story, whip'd on their Under-Petticoats, and Slip-Shoes, and came running with more speed than if it had been to a Labour, that in a Minute the House was as full of *Tittle-Tattles* of all Ages, as if the God *Priapus* had erected his Standard, and beat up for Female Volunteers to Fight under his Banner; all shaking their Heads, and beholding with sorrowful Eyes, the little Spectacle in the Fire, hissing, sputtering, and broiling, as if it had really been poor *Pego* spitting its last Venome at that provoking Sex, which had often been the Occasion of his Downfal. The good
Man

Man sitting all the while Grunting and Groaning in his Cair, as if he was just Expiring. A cunning old Matron, in the Front of the Female Assembly, mistrusting there might be some Cheat in the matter, express'd herself to the rest of the Sister-Gossips after the following manner, *viz.* 'Come, come, Neighbours, I think it highly necessary we should enquire into the Truth of this unhappy Business. And having spoke these Words, she pop'd her Hand into his *Codpiece* where she felt the rest of the Sausages upon which she shook her Head, and fetching a deep Sigh, cry'd out, 'I vow to God, Neighbours, he has certainly unmann'd himself, and has cut so great a Gash in the bottom of his Belly, that his Guts are tumbled into his Breeches, which occasion'd the good Man to burst into an open Laughter, at last to discover the whole Secret, that the talkative Congregation might be undeceiv'd, and return home to their warm Beds, and there with their Husbands, fall to the old Trade of Basket-making, which they accordingly did, leaving the pre-suppos'd *Gelding* to convince his *Whi-ther-de-go*, that he had more Wit in his Anger, than to revenge himself of an ill

ill Tongue, by Burning his Peace maker.

The Watch Maker and the Constable.

A *Watch-Maker* who was much given to wind up the Springs of Life above the common Pitch, with a cheerful Bottle, happened one Night to tarry so long over his *Tipple*, that the Midnight Monarch at *Ludgate* had got the start of him, and had resumed his *Elbow Throne* before the other had quitted his Tavern Chair; so that having a little over-loaded himself with Liquor, as he was staggering through the Gate, he had a Verbal Summons from the *Watch*, to reel before the *Constable*, who made the accustomed Enquiry, 'What occasion he could have to drink so much, and to stay out so late? The *Watch-Maker* hickuped out an Answer as well as he could, telling the *Constable* flatly, tho' not very plainly, 'That good Wine and good Company were the chief Motives that induced him into this Error. 'Pray, Friend, further added Mr. Conniwoble, of what Trade are you? A *Watch-Maker*, replied the other. Adsheart,

says her Majesty's Representative to his
 Peace Body-Guard, ' Suppose this Man should
 ' have a Charge of Watches about him,
 ' and should happen to lose them now he
 ble. ' is Drink, who knows but that he may
 ' lay them to our Charge? Then turn-
 ing to his drunken Respondent, asked him,
 ' If he had ever a Watch about him?
 e above ' Who, looking round him, replied, ' Yes,
 ul Bot ' truly, and a Constable too; I would
 so long ' the Devil had them all: Well, Friend,
 nt Mo ' says the Constable, you may go about
 tart o ' your Business, for if you have any
 Thron ' Watches about you, I find you have
 Tavern ' Wit enough to secure them; and so
 loader ' Farewel to thee.
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*The Water-Man and the drowned Dog; or,
 the Gentleman cozened of his Sausages.*

A Gentleman, who lived at Greenwich,
 having Business in London, and
 being a great Lover of Sausages, coming
 by some good Housewife's House, who
 was eminent for making them, he fur-
 nished himself with a couple of Pound
 in a Sheet of brown Paper, which he
 designed to carry home for his own eat-
 ing. When he had dispatched the Af-
 fair

say

fair that call'd him to Town, he re-
turn'd to the *Tower Stairs*, in order to
take Boat for *Greenwich*: When he came
to the Water-side, finding he had the
Advantage of the Tide, contented himself
with a Skuller: The Gentleman board-
ing his *Wherry*, sat himself down, and
laid the *Sausages* by him; but the Paper
not being ty'd, began to open a lit-
tle by degrees, so that the Water-man,
who was an arch Fellow, by a Glance
of his Eye, discover'd what his Fare
had provided to regale himself with, but
took not the least Notice of 'em, that
the Gentleman might not mistrust he
had any knowledge of what was con-
tained in his little Bundle. By and
by they happen'd to overtake a huge
dead Mastiff, floating upon the Water,
with the Skin off, and his Flesh render'd
by Putrification, of as many Colours as
the Rain bow. The Water-man looking
very earnestly upon the stinking Carri-
on, shook his Head, and scratch'd his
Ears, and shew'd all imaginable Signs of
his great Uneasiness; which the Fare
observing, could do no less than take
notice of, asking him, 'If that Dog had
' ever been his, that he seem'd so much con-
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erned at the Sight of him. *The Water-*
man answer'd him, No, but he could
heartily wish he was his now, and that
he would very willingly excuse him his
Fare, if he would be so kind to let him
go back, and take him up in the Stern
of the Boat: *Z---ds, says the Gentle-*
man, he will stink so confoundedly,
it will be enough to give me the Plague;
besides, I cannot imagine what the De-
vil thou canst propose to do with him.
Ah! Master, if I had him but in my Boat,
I would desire no other Fare to Day; if
my Wife had him but at home, he would
be worth at least half a Piece to us. *Pri-*
thee, Friend, says the Gentleman, be so
kind as to let me know what Use thou
wouldest put him to; I have a great de-
sire to be satisfied. *The Waterman*
seemed very backward, telling him, 'It
was a Secret, and if it should be publicly
known, it would be the Ruin of his Family.
The Gentleman grew still the more impor-
tunate to have his Curiosity satisfied,
giving such Assurances of his Secrecy in
the Matter, that in short the Water-man
told him, 'His Wife made Sausages, and
that she had lately found, by Experience,
'That Dog's Flesh, which had been
'fodden

' sodden about a Month in the River
 ' after it was well cleansed with Salt and
 ' Water, cut in amongst her Pork, made
 ' the tenderest and best Sausages in the
 ' World; and that his Wife, since her
 ' Discovery of this Secret, had got such
 ' a Reputation in what she pretended to
 ' that she served most of the Gentry
 ' Houses about *Greenwich*.

The Nastiness of this Story, put the
 Gentleman into such a hauling and
 spitting Condition, as if he had been in
 a Salivation; that when he came to his
 Landing-place, he very fairly walks out
 of the Boat, and leaves his Sausages be-
 hind him: The Waterman lets him pass on
 a little way, and then taking them up in
 his Hand, calls after him, ' Sir, Sir, you
 ' have left your Sausages behind you.
 ' Aye, aye, replies the Gentleman, I know
 ' it well enough, thou may'st e'en take
 ' them, and a Pox take thee; and the
 ' Devil take the Dog, for I shall never
 ' eat Sausages more, for fear they should
 ' be of your Wife's making. So away
 ' trudg'd the Gentleman, and left his
 ' Supper to the Waterman.

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*The Distressed Seaman; Or, the Boats-
Crew that supp'd in the Whale's Belly.*

A Jolly Seaman happening into the
Company of some romancing Tra-
vellers, very confidently affirmed this
following Story, *viz.* The last Voyage,
says he! I took, was in a small Vessel,
called the *Sparrow's-Nest*, bound directly
to *Jamaica*, where we lay in Harbour
about six Weeks, before we got her
freighted. From thence we were con-
sign'd back to a Merchant in *London*,
and the Day before we sail'd; we took
on Board an old Woman, as a Passen-
ger, who, for many Years, had kept a
Bawdy-House in *Port-Royal*, till she had
successfully acquired, by the Industry of
the Tail, the Value of 2000 *l.* which she
had changed in Spanish Gold, and had
brought in on board with her in a small
Screw-tore, being very desirous of spend-
ing her latter Days in *England*, that,
when she dyed, she might lay her Bones
away to rest in her own Country. We weigh'd
Anchor with the Wind at West and
by South, getting clear of the Land,
without any difficulty I and skudded
merrily on till we made *Cuba*; the Isle

of *Pines*, then *Cape Florida*, and so entered the *Gulph*: But before we got through (as ill Fortune would have it) a Plank happened to start, and we sprung a Leak so fast, that notwithstanding our Pumps, we had four foot Water in the Hold, in less than an Hour's time; so that we had no hopes left of saving ourselves, but by taking our selves to our Boat, which accordingly we did, taking in the Compass, and such Bisket and fresh Water as we could venture to carry along with us. The old Woman begged hard that we would take in her Box of Money, which, on second Thoughts we yielded to, not knowing how useful it might prove to us, if we should chance to be driven on Shore amongst the *Florida* Indians. We were in all but Eight Hands, besides the old Woman, who was as Penitent for all her past Crimes as an old Thief going to the Gallows. Thus, exposed to the Rage of the merciless Ocean, we depended wholly upon Providence to protect us; rowing by turns, keeping in a right Course by the direction of our Compass, having nothing but the Dread of Destruction before our

Eyes

Eyes, left by some unexpected Miracle prevented. The Remainder of the Day we spent in Labour at our Oars, till at last Night drew on, having neither Ship nor Shore in sight, from whence to expect Safety ; but Fortune favouring us with little Wind, and a calm Sea, we thought it necessary to refresh our Bodies with a little Rest, that we might be the better able to strive against the Hardships of tempestuous Weather, if it should happen. Accordingly we drew Lots who should sit at the Helm, and look out for a Sail, or awake the rest, if any Danger should arise, and who should the Lot fall upon but my self ; agreeably I took my Post, whilst the rest, who being much tired with the Day's Fatigue, fell all to snoring in a very little Time ; they had not long got the start of me, but I grew so very drowsy, that I could not forbear nodding, and at last dropped into as sound a Sleep as any of them, that Death had now an Advantage to have catched us Napping.

How many Hours we continued in this Silence, I cannot tell ; at last one awakes, and finds it so very dark, that he could neither see Moon, Star, or Sky,
or

or Boat, nor could he perceive the Boat
 had any rowing Motion as is usual
 with, that he alarms the rest, who be-
 gan to rub their Eyes, and endeavour'd
 to look about them, but could not see
 much as see their Hands. 'Bless me
 said I, 'It is a dark long Night. I be-
 lieve we shall never see day again. And
 then takes his Oar and claps it over-board
 'W---ds, said he, we are cast ashore in
 'some Creek, where the Tide has left us
 'for the Devil a Drop of Water is here
 'about the Boat. For God's sake, says
 the old Woman, 'set me ashore, and
 'give me my Box, I care not where I am
 'if it be but upon dry Land. Prithee, says
 I, 'strike a Light, that we may see what
 'and who's together. Which was accord-
 ingly done, upon which we found our selves
 pent up in a little place, but where we could
 not think nor imagine. The old Woman
 seeing no Water about her, was over-hasty
 to get upon dry Land, as she thought, and
 scrambled over the Gunnel of the Boat; and
 which Interim, one of the Sailors, being
 a little more circumspect than ordinary
 happened to espy the Entrails of some
 Creature or other hang over his Head
 'Z---ds, says he, we are got into a Boat

cher

her's Shambles, I think, for here's a delicate
luck hangs : We have had no fresh Provi-
on a good while, by my Lord and my Lady,
I'll have a good Slice of the Liver ; draws
out his Knife, and cuts off about 2 Pound,
upon which we were shot out as swift as
an Arrow from a Bow, thro' a narrow
Passage, and found our selves again upon
the Sea and no Land near us, it being of
sudden broad Day-light, and the Sun
almost upon the Meridian, as we found
after by our Observation. We were all
strangely startled and surpriz'd, wonder-
ing from whence we came, or what Place
that could be from whence we were eject-
ed with such a rapid force. At last, look-
ing round us, we espied a monstrous
Whale, which occasion'd us to mistrust
he had gorg'd us in our Sleep, and was
provok'd by the Wound in his Liver, to
throw us up again. But, as Fortune
would have it, we brought the Money
along with us, and left the old Bawd
behind, for the Whale to Spew up at
another Opportunity.

The Lover's Fortunate Adventure: Or, The Young Ones too Cunning for the Old Ones.

A Young Gentleman of *Hackney*, known by the Name of 'Squire *Suck-Bottle*, made it his Endeavour to procure Match with Sir *Thomas Closepurse's* Daughter; in a little time he made a considerable Progress in his Design, and had gain'd both the Affections and Consent of the young Lady, before he had propos'd any Treaty with her Father, who, on hearing of the Intrigue between *Suck-Bottle* and his Daughter, was so highly enrag'd at his clandestine Proceeding, that he forewarn'd him from his House, and as a more secure Prevention of the Match, confin'd his Daughter close Prisoner in his own Apartment. The young 'Squire being deeply concerned at the severe Usage of his beloved Mistress, assum'd the Character of a *Roman* Lover, and went at Midnight, when all things were hush and silent, to *Closepurse's* Habitation, where, by the Assistance of a Friend, he rais'd a Ladder, and mounted himself upon the Leads of the House, and knowing her Lodging, drop'd a Letter down the Chimney,

give her Notice he would make her a Visit the next Night the same Way himself; which Letter in the Morning the Lady found with unexpressible Satisfaction.

According to the Time prefix'd, the Squire, with the Assistance of two trusty Friends, went in order to accomplish his Intrigue. The Engine he had prepared to shoot the Chimney, being a Rope and a Hand-Basket, by which means he was convey'd safely through the sooty Gulph, at the Bottom of which the panting Lady was ready to receive him in her joyful Arms.

The Signal to be given with his Friends should pull him up, was a Jog of the Rope. Such Familiarity had already past between 'em, that they lost no Time in Courtship, but prepar'd themselves for those Joys to which they hasted with equal Eagerness. They had no sooner leap'd into their downy Elizium, but the Braces of the Ticking began to celebrate the Pleasure of the Night with their accustomary Musick, which was unhappily over-heard by her Lady Mother in the next Room, who awaking her Husband, told him, *She was sure some Body was*

got to Bed to her Daughter. Upon which Sir Thomas leaps up in wonderful haste, takes the Key of his Daughter's Chamber out of his Pocket, which he would not trust with any but himself, and gropes his Way to the Door. The Lovers having done with their first Course, and being laid down to take a little Breath, happen'd to hear the old Gentleman fumbling at the Key-hole; upon which the Daughter (thro' a great presence of Mind) skips nimbly out of Bed, sets a Chair between the Bed and the Chimney, kneels down, and with abundance of seeming fervency fell to Prayers; and just as her Father open'd the Door softly, she was in this part of her Devotion; *I beseech thee make me a Comfort to my Father's Gray Hairs increase his Riches, advance him to high Honours and may he live to the Age of Methusalem* The old Dad was so highly pleased with his Daughter's Piety, and kind Supplications for her aged Father, took no Notice, and would by no means disturb her, but gently shut the Door, and return'd to his Bedfellow, giving her a sharp Reproof for her evil Opinion of their dutiful and godly Child.

Having

Having by this Stratagem, prevented a Discovery, the Lovers renew'd their Joys, the old Lady her Jealousie, who arose and took the Key, and would go herself to be satisfied ; who enter'd the Chamber with such Silence, that the busy Lovers heard her not till she stumbled at the Chair, and by lucky Accident fell into the Basket, which jogg'd the Rope, and gave the Signal. The Anglers above thinking they had caught the right Fish, pull'd up, the old Lady roar'd, but still they haul'd, till at last finding their Mistake, took her out of the Basket in a Fit, and laid in a second Time, and drew up him they fish'd for, making all a clever Escape, free from any Detection, leaving the Matron of the Family upon the Leads, who recovering from her Fright, shook off her Trance, and making a lamentable Caterwauling. rais'd the Family to her Assistance, who were wonderfully amaz'd to find their Lady in the Condition of a Chimney-Sweeper ; and she being unable to give any Account how she was convey'd thither, it was conjectur'd by her Husband, as a just Judgment to punish her evil Conception of their innocent and righteous Daughter.

*The pleasing Revenge: Or, The Brewer's Son
over-match'd by the Weaver's Daughter.*

THERE was a rich *Weaver* in *Spittle-Fields* (which is *News* in the first Place, because they are generally very Poor) who had but one only Child, and that a Daughter. The old Gentleman, being a fat Man, was full of *Dropsy* and ill Humours, and withal very *Lethargick*. His Daughter, being a prudent young Woman, behav'd herself with that Duty and Tenderness to her sick Father, that he could not endure to think of her Marrying whilst he liv'd, having bury'd his Wife, and could have no Body, as he thought, that would Nurse and attend him with that Diligence as his kind and obedient Daughter: Who, indeed, (tho' a Good Humour'd Creature, was blest with but few external Charms to render her Inviting. An arch unlucky Blade who was Son to a neighbouring Brewer, using to take Delight in Jestings with the Female Sex, pretended to Court her, and made her believe he design'd to make her his Wife, carrying on the matter to so great a height, that the Morning was appointed

pointed on which they were to be Married at St. *Pancras* Church, he promising to meet her at a certain Hour in the Church-Yard, and to bring the Ring and License along with him ; without her Father's Knowledge.

When he had thus carry'd on the Jest almost to the Period, he tells what he had done to an Acquaintance, who was a Man of comely Stature, tho' of mean Fortune ; and knowing she was the only Daughter of a rich and infirm Parent, presently be-thought himself of a probable Method of converting this Project to his own Interest, but acquainted the other with nothing of his Design, for fear of a Disappointment. His Friends having told him the Morning, and the Hour ; and that he intended not so much as to meet her, but let her wait in the Fields by herself, under the Dissatisfaction of so great a Disappointment: The other considering, That when Thoughts of Wedlock are once rais'd in a Woman, the revengeful Passion such base Usage must in all probability kindle, would so rob her of her Reason that she could not weigh Things with such Discretion as to withstand his

Importunities, so that he ventur'd hap hazard to take out a License, and buy a Ring; and walks about half an Hour before the Time to *Pancras*, goes into a House, and takes up a convenient Room where he might observe the Walks and Motions of his propos'd Help-mate.

According to the Time, the Maiden came, fir'd with Thought of that happy State into which she was about to enter; but found no Lover, as she expected, to receive her: She waited some little Time with Patience, thinking thro' the Error of the Clock, she might be a little before the Hour. But by that Time she had waited about half an Hour, which seem'd as tedious as an Age, she began to show in her Face some Signs of great Disorder, when her unknown Lover thought it high Time to give his Courtship a Beginning. Accordingly he goes down to her, and courteously gives her a Morning Salutation; and tells her, *He came on purpose, thro' the Respect he had for her, to inform her how Unmanly and Base an Affront was put upon her;* which so greatly enrag'd her, that her Eyes rain'd Showers on her snowy Breasts: Vexation having turn'd her pleasing Hopes into Sighs and Sadness, he then
began

began to express his own Affection for her, and broach by little and little his Design, giving her all the verbal Testimonies of his Love imaginable, using all necessary Protestations to assure her he would prove one of the best of Husbands, and conform to all Things wherein she should place her Ease and Satisfaction; till, at last, the Maid prudently considering the Disgrace of being thus serv'd, and what a Blot it would be upon her Reptutation, when published among the Neighbourhood, consents to his Request, and they were Married; she obliging him to keep it silent for a Time, 'till she should take a seasonable Opportunity to pacify her Father. Then, after a little Time spent over a small Repast they parted. The first News the married Virgin heard, when she came Home, was, That her Uncle was dead in the Country, who had no Children of his own, and had left her 400 l. which the Brewer's Son hearing, came within two or three Days to beg her Pardon; and endeavour'd to excuse the Rudeness he had committed; she seemingly forgave him, and appointed him a second time to meet her at the same Place, which on his Side was then design'd.

sign'd in good Earnest. But to return his Kindness, she hires one of her Father's Journey-men, who was a stout Fellow, to go and thresh him round the Church-yard, as 'tis said the Devil does his Wife in rainy Weather when the Sun shines, which the Fellow did accordingly. The Victim came running in a great Passion to his Mistress, and demanded the Reason why she had serv'd him so; who told him, *As he went to be Marry'd, she hop'd he had met with his Match,* and so dispatch'd him. The old Man hearing the whole Story, in a little Time after, was so pleas'd with the witty Revenge of his Daughter, that he reconcil'd himself to her Marriage, and receiv'd her Husband into the House, where they all live very comfortably together.

The Funeral of a Pig: Or, The Citizen's Son sucking of the Sow.

A Citizen of London, whom Providence had blessed with a fair Estate, and his teeming Wife with a young Son, the Hope and Heir of the Family, gravely considering how far the sooty Air of the City might Influence the tender Infant with

more than natural Dulness, resolv'd to dispose of him in the Country, under a more pure and serene Heaven. Several Visits had he made to the neighbouring Villages, and almost rid the Compass round before he could fix; either the Situation of the Place, or the freckled Complexion of the Nurse, displeasing his Fancy; at last, about 10 Miles from our fam'd Metropolis, he arriv'd at a Farmer's House; the Place extreamly pleas'd him, nor was the good Woman wanting in the least of those excellent Qualifications he had so long industriously sought after. They presently agreed upon reasonable Terms, and the Father, at his return to *London*, upon his Wife's Approbation. sent for the Nurse to fetch the Child.

It happened one Day the Nurse going abroad upon some more than ordinary Occasion, left the little One to the Care of a young Apprentice-Girl, who not being much acquainted with the trouble of Children, and having more mind to go to Play, than tend the peevish Brat, which was froward for want of a Teat, she knowing no other ways to quiet it, carry'd it into the Hog's-Style, and there laid it to Suck of
the

the Sow with the Pigs, where she left it, very well pleased, and gadded abroad herself to find out her Companions. In the Interim the Father chanced to come from *London*, to see how his little Son throve at Nurse, and after he had put his Horse into the Stable, went into the House, which he found empty, and coming back into the Yard, heard the Cry of a Child; for the quarrelsome Pigs, his Foster-Brothers, had got away his Teat; the Father following the Noise which led him to the Hogsty, found his pretty Bantling sucking of the Sow. Strangely amazed at this Sight he took up the Child without any Hurry and wrapping him in his Coat, carried him back to *London*, undiscover'd by any of the Neighbours. The Wench, thinking her Dame was now upon her turn, made haste Home, and went directly to the Sow to take up the Child, but to her Surprise, could neither find nor discover what was become of him. Not long after the Nurse came home, who asking the Girl for the Child, she told her, *When she was gone, it cry'd so for the Teat she could not quiet it, 'till she went to*

the Stye, and laid it to the Sow, where she left it, and went about other Business of the House, and going for it some time after, she could not find it, nor imagine which way it was gone. The Nurse, in a said Fright at this odd Account, ran to search the Hog's-Sty, but could neither find the Child, nor one Rag of the Cloaths; she looked over all the House and Yard, but all in vain, then she went and slyly enquired of her Neighbours, but to no purpose, after all her Endeavours, she could not receive the least Satisfaction. The poor Woman, half out of her Wits, at this strange Misfortune, concluded the Sow had certainly eat up the Child.

In this great Perplexity and Distress, considering what was best to be done, to save her own Reputation, and conceal the unhappy Fate of her Nursery from the Parents Knowledge, she at last resolved to kill one of the Pigs, and dress it up like a dead Child, with Flowers and Sweet Herbs, ready for the Grave, and send for 2 or 3 of her old Gossips, and tell 'em, her Nurse-Child died suddenly in the Night, and so to bury it privately; accordingly she pursued her Project the next Day,

Day, and toward Evening the Pig was decently Interr'd without any Suspicion.

Thus far Nurse had succeeded in her Design, but Conscious of her own Carelessness and Neglect, which was the Occasion of this Misfortune; she was very much troubled how to discover it to the Father and Mother, both passionately loving the little Infant, and would be very much afflicted with the Death of it. Several Times she had intended to acquaint them with the Loss of their Child, but still put it off from Day to Day; her own Guilt, and the Indulgence of the Parents, deterring her from it.

About a Fortnight after, the Father sent a Letter to Nurse to come up to London, and bring the little Boy with her; glad she would have been to have excused herself from this Journey, but seeing it impossible longer to conceal it, she went according. The Father meeting her at the Door, said, Nurse, I am glad to see you, *but what makes you look so Melancholly? Why did not you bring the Boy along with you? I sent for you on purpose to bring him, that I might see how the little Rogue did?* Nurse, with a deep Sigh, and wat'ry Eyes, acquaints him with the sudden Death of the little

little Infant, dear to her as her own Hearts-Blood, the Father seemed above measure concerned at this doleful News; then inviting her into the House, she gave a second Relation of this tragical Story to the Mother, who counterfeited a Passion suitable to the Occasion.

When they had all acted over their sorrowful Parts, under different Disguises, the Father called for *Susan* to come down and fetch a Tankard of Ale for Nurse; and in she came with a young Child in her Arms, which Nurse carefully observing, knew to be the same she had but now reported to be Dead and Buried. The present Shame she was under for so notorious a Lye, with the Transports of a sudden Joy to see the Child safe and well, wholly Confounded her; nor shad she one Thought left her to fashion the least Excuse. But after she had a little recover'd herself, she freely confess'd, *That imagining the Child really eaten up by the Sow, she had kill'd and bury'd one of the Pigs in the Room of it, well knowing that so unhappy a Circumstance would for ever have blasted her own Credit, and doubled the Sorrow and Affliction of the disconsolate Parents.* But that which was most remarkable

markable, it was observed of the Boy when grown up, he would never eat of Gammon of Bacon, nor any Hog's Flesh; which the Naturalists gave this Reason for; *That the Sow's Milk had Curdled upon his Stomach, which occasioned his Antipathy,* tho' he ever retain'd a Smack of his Nurture, and Pig's Styre Relations in his Boarish Manners and Conversation.

*The Thieves too Cunning for the Baliffs:
Or, One Gang of Rogues out-witted by another.*

AN unhappy Gentlemen, who by the thoughtless *Management*, and dilatory *Execution* of his own Affairs, having reduced a plentiful Estate to a slender Subsistence, and being highly in Danger of a Judgment, grip'd into the Tallons of an unmerciful Miser, thought the safest Measures he could take, in securing himself from the ravenous *Catch-Poles*, (those *Blood-Hounds*, or *Jack Calls*, who hunt down the Prey for that tyrannick Beast, a *Userer*) was to quit the Town, and make a ganeral Trial of his Relations in the Country, hoping their flowing Generosity, might a little repel the Current of his ebbing Fortune, which must of Necessity,
prove,

prove otherwise impetuous. His Wife and
 a Servant he leaves in Town behind him,
 in a House of his own very well furnished,
 being the only Remains of a considerable
 Patrimony. He had not absented himself
 from Home above two or three Days, but
Thirty in the Hundred, by some busy Neigh-
 bour, was informed of it, who went and
 enter'd upon his Judgment, takes out Exe-
 cution, and dispatches his Emissaries to
 the speedy Destruction of his *Debtor* :
 About this Time, some Thieves having
 Knowledge of the Gentleman's Absence,
 were contriving which way to rob the
 House; to accomplish which, looking a-
 bout one Evening to make their Entrance,
 and the careless Maid leaving open the
 Back-Door, whilst she step'd to the *Bake-*
House, one of the Rogues slip'd in, having
 agreed with his Confederates to conceal
 himself in the House till Midnight, and
 then to let them in. The Cunningest of
 the Thieves having proceeded so far as to
 get safe Footing within Doors, step'd up
 Stairs undiscover'd, and hides himself in
 an old Chest which stood by the Bed-side
 in a well furnished Chamber, which no
 Body lay in: By this Time the other
 R——s, the Bayliffs I mean, were got to
 the

the Fore-Door, consulting by what Means they should procure Admittance to serve their *Execution* (whilst the poor Gentlewoman and her Maid were totally Ignorant of either Danger) at last they agreed one should knock, and as soon as the Door was open, rush in by Violence and secure the Door for the rest to follow which accordingly was done, and the Office executed, to the great Affliction and Surprize of both the Mistress and her Servant. The Rogue (who for Distinction's sake, we must call Thief) above Stairs who lay as silent in his Chest, as a *sturdie Greek* in the Belly of a *Trojan Horse* began to be a little startled at the sorrowful Cries and Disturbances he heard below Stairs, thinking himself now not quite so safe as a Thief in a Mill, and opening his Iron-bound Hut (which was indeed made with a Design to keep out Rogues, and not conceal any) he gave his Ears such Advantage of their Voices, that he managed shift to discover by their Talk, the whole Business, resolving still to execute his Roguery as successfully as the *Libertine* *stealers* had done theirs. So down again he lay to consider the best means to effect it with the least Danger. The *Cannibals*

below

below Stairs, according to their usual civility, turn'd the Gentlewoman and Maid out of Doors, who were forc'd to be beholden to a Neighbour for a Lodging, whilst these Tail-Pieces of the Law, who bring up the Rear of Destruction, were devouring the Provisions of the Distressed, who had nothing but Providence to trust for their next Meal; some of these *Egyptian Caterpillars* at Night went Home, leaving two well Arm'd to keep Possession, who about 10 a-Clock went to Bed, making Choice of that Room for a Lodging, where the Honestest Man of the three lay Buried in Antiquity, waiting with Patience for the Hour of his Resurrection. About 11 o'Clock he ventures to open the Chest, as an Oyster does his Shell, to receive new Breath, and hearing by their Snoring, they were in a fine Condition for the De-
vils to fetch them, out he rises from his dark and uneasy Confines, cramp'd and mopp'd like *London Prentice*, just deliver'd from his *Guild-Hall* Pennance; but as bad as a dying Snuff in the Socket of a dark Lanthorn, for fear the prying *Curious* should have peep'd into his wooden Territories, knowing nothing was
more

more likely, than for one Rogue to catch another: But being now pretty well past the Danger, he creeps to the Bed-side, and secures their Arms, which were Swords and Braces of Pistols, then goes down Stairs, lets in his Confederates, which were Five more, (delivering to them the Particulars of what had past) whose Business was to Tongue-tie the Doubtful Tongued Vipers, who might otherwise prove as dangerous as a Snake in the Grass; which when they had done, with the Assistance of their Gags, and bound those unmerciful Hands which had drawn many a poor Wretch to Prison with the Collar, they ransack'd the House. He had so much Mercy, considering the present Circumstances of the Gentleman and the Unhappiness of his Family, that they were contented with a small Booty, consisting only of a little Plate and Linens which they sent off by one Man; and other Five, to Revenge the hard Usage of the Gentlewoman and her Maid, took the two Disturbers of Human Quiet, and placed them upon each other in the Chamber and having extorted from them be-

Confession of who had employ'd them, the Thieves, like so many Bearers, carrying an *Alms-House* Corps, without the Ornament of either Parson, Clerk, Pall, or Relations, convey'd them to the Plaintiff's Back-Door, which, by the help of their Pick-Lock Instruments, they open'd; and as careless as our Parochial Supporters of the Dead, gave them a toss from their wearied Shoulders into the Plaintiff's Garden, instead of a more methodical Burying-place, where they rest them as contentedly as our *Corps-Tumblers* do their Brethren of Mortality, when they fly from the Church-Yard to receive the Reward of their Labour. The Gentlemen having made a successful Journey, happen'd to return the next morning, and finding all things in such Destruction, conceiv'd by his Wife's Relation of the Matter, he was greatly Abused, to regulate which, he makes an immediate Visit to his Money-Loving Creditor, (with a Sum in his Pocket to satisfy the Judgment) who gave him *Morose How d'ye?* For a Welcome, and afterwards took him into the Garden

Garden to Discourse their Business where they found the Chest, to the great Surprize of both; upon which the Gentleman taxed him with a Confederacy in the Robbery, which the Maggots in the Nutshell hearing, made such a bustle, that occasioned a great Surprize in both Plaintiff and Defendant, who opened the Coffer, and found two naked Mutes, (who, indeed, never did deserve the use of either Tongue or Rayment) but being released from their Long-Sufferings, and finding what they were, made them concur with the Gentleman's Opinion; and to excuse themselves, were ready to Swear that the Benefactor was actually in the Robbery, which the Gentleman taking the Advantage of, frighten'd his Creditors with Threats of Warrant, Constable, Justice, Jury, and a Halter, 'till at last he made him (tho' with privacy) Compound the Felony, by a General Release, and Satisfaction for his Goods. So that by this Fortunate Accident, and the Assistance of his kind Relations, he was restor'd to

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former Prosperity, and ever since make
his Motto of his Arms.

Knives by a Rebound are often bit :
To bite the Biter, is not Fraud, but Wit.

*Intrigue upon Intrigue : Or, The Widow be-
come Mother to her Gallant and the Younger
Brother Father to the Elder.*

A Brik, airy Gentleman, belonging
to one of the *Inns of Court*, happen'd
to make his Courtship to a Rich Elder-
ly Widow, who had a pretty young
Girl to her Daughter, that thought her
self as capable of Matrimony as her
Mother ; when the Gentleman had re-
peated his Visits often enough to grow a
little Familiar, he found all the agree-
able Encouragements he could reasona-
bly expect from a Person whose Fortune
was much Superior to his own : But
the Daughter looking upon her Mother's
humble Servant with more than ordi-
nary Respect, thought it abundance of
so Youthful and so Handsome a
Gentleman, for the sake of a little Mo-
ney, should bury his Juvenile Years in
the Grave of an Old Woman, when her
self would be very glad to Cherish him
in

in the Embraces of a young One. The Gentleman had not long continued his Courtship, but he found sufficient Reasons to suspect, *that he had* not only work'd himself into the Widow's Love, but also into the Affections of the Daughter; and began to consider, that though the old Woman was much the better Fortune, yet the Daughter would prove the more agreeable Match, and that what she wanted in Fortune, would be supply'd more to his Satisfaction by her Youth and Beauty; besides, knowing her to be the only Child, thought she must come in at last for the Effects of the Mother, in case that he could but be subtil enough to divert her from Matrimony: Upon these Considerations, he resolv'd to alter his first Resolutions, and only for the future, to make external Courtship to the Mother, in order to procure more favourable Opportunities of bringing his real Design upon the Daughter to its intended Issue.

The better to carry on his Intrigue without the Mother's Suspicion, he thought it necessary to acquaint his younger Brother with the Business, that now and then

whereby to

When Occasion requir'd, he might prove an Assistant in the Matter.

After this manner he proceeded with the old Gentlewoman, till he had stollen reasonable Opportunities enough to convince the Daughter of his Affections for her, and to assure her, That he only pretended Courtship to her Mother, on purpose to enjoy now and then a lucky Moment of making known the extraordinary Passion he truly had for herself. The younger Brother, who was a notable sharp-witted Gentleman, and a very Personal Man, reflecting one Morning in his Bed, upon the foul Practice of his Brother, to gain his Ends by disappointing and deceiving the old Gentlewoman, began to think it could be no Crime in himself to take the Advantage of his Brother's Fallacy, and at once to make his own Fortune, and do Justice to the Widow without hindering his Brother from effecting his Design upon the Daughter.

Accordingly he resolv'd to act a cunning Part, and to neglect no Opportunity of Ingratiating himself with the Mother, that when she became sensible of his Brother's Deceit, he might be ready to supply the Disappointment by

the Offer of his own Service; which he was in hopes, if rightly manag'd, would be well accepted. The Widow, having great Confidence in the Integrity of her sham Pretender, was mighty Respectful to the Young Gentleman, upon his Brother's Account, so that, in a little Time he was as familiar in the Family, as the Daughter's Admirer, who all along made his Younger Brother acquainted with every Tittle of his Proceedings.

When the Elder Brother had work'd the Young Lady up to a Compliance, License was taken out, and the Morning was appointed for the Priest to say Grace to that Love-Banquet, which both long'd for with an equal Appetite. The Younger Brother was made Privy to the Happy Hour, and engag'd to attend the Solemnity in the Office of a Father, which he performed accordingly when the Time came, and smiled in his own Sleeve, to see the matter consummated; which was no sooner over, but he made an Excuse to dispatch a little Business, promising to be with them again at Dinner.

No sooner had he got his Liberty, away he posted in all haste, to acquaint the Old Gentlewoman, What a Dis-

nourish

honourable Trick his Brother had put upon
her, and how undutiful her Daughter had
been in complying to be a Partner in so
base and Treacherous an Intrigue. The
Widow, who had never so much as sus-
pected the Integrity of her Gallant, was
amaz'd and confus'd at the Tydings,
that for a little Time she was as stark mad
as a raving Bedlamite, till her Passion was
pretty well spent, and then the young
Gentleman, to spur on her Revenge, told
her, That his Brother's further Design was
to divert her, if possible, from Matrimo-
ny, in hopes that her own Fortune upon
her Death, might descend to her Daugh-
ter, so that he should become at last Ma-
ster of all her Riches, as well as the For-
tune already settled upon her Daughter,
and that this was the main Consideration
that induced him to marry her Daughter,
rather so many Pretensions to her self. This
subtle Insinuation so inflam'd her Malice,
that she vow'd, Rather than they should be
one Shilling the better for what she had,
she would marry a Cobler, or any Rake-
hell, that she was sure would spend it eve-
ry Groat. To which reply'd the Young
Gentleman, Madam, a Person of your
Birth, Comeliness, and Discretion, can

can never have Occasion to dispose of your self to either a mean Man or Spendthrift; could you conceive me to be a Person worthy of so great a Happiness, as so good a Wife, I should think it a Blessing to my self and Family, that you would give it into my Power, to repair that Injury and Dishonour which my Brother has done you; and I assure you further, Madam, that if you make me your Husband, it will prove a Revenge upon him, a Blessing to me, and I promise you I will do all that in an honest Gentleman lies, to make it a Happiness to your self. Well, says the old Gentlewoman, lest Time and Delay should make you prove as great a Knave as your Brother, I will seek for no other Husband, nor need any farther Courtship; but in the revengeful Mood I am now in, I will run this Minute headlong to be marry'd. The Young Gentleman express'd his utmost Joy for her sudden Resolution, so immediately order'd a Coach to be call'd, and away they went first to take out a License, and then to marry'd the very same Morning, and at the same Church, and by the same Minister who had joined the former Couple. As soon as the Ceremony was over, the

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Young Bridegroom, by the Consent of
 the Bride, ordered the Coachman to drive to
 the same Tavern where the treacherous
 Pair had provided their Wedding dinner,
 and in they pop'd upon them just as the first
 Dish was brought to Table ; the Daughter
 was ready to faint thro' Fear, her Bride-
 groom bit his Nails thro' Madness ; the
 Mother upbraided the *quondam* Lover with
 baseness, her Daughter with undutifulness ;
 the Elder Brother tax'd the Younger with
 treachery, whilst the greatest Winner
 smiled in his Sleeve, to think, that at one
 lucky Hit, he had made his Fortune. When
 their Passions, as well as their Victuals,
 were grown pretty Cool, the Youngest
 Bridegroom, who was a Man of Eloquence,
 made a pleasant Speech, that unriddl'd the
 whole Mystery, and went so far in the Re-
 conciliation of all Differences, that they
 set down to their Victuals, and made one
 Dinner serve for both Weddings ; the El-
 der Brother at last submitting to call the
 Younger Father, and the Mother acknow-
 ledging the Elder to be her Son : So that
 by the help of Mirth and Wine, they be-
 came all Friends ; and each lived comfor-
 tably for the future with their own proper
 estates, and in process of Time, hammered

out such a promiscuous Progeny, that would puzzle the *Herald's Office* properly to distinguish what Relation they were one to another.

The Dying Wife's Revenge: Or, The Husband paid in his own Coin.

A Farmers Wife, falling dangerously ill, was very importunate with her Husband that he would grant her the Liberty of making a Will to dispose of her Wearing Apparel. The good Man that his Wife might go out of the World with a safe Conscience, seemed very willing to comply with her Request; and that she might be sure every thing should be Bequeathed according to her Desire, he offered to Pen the Will himself according to her own Directions: She thank'd him heartily for this last Kindness, acknowledging how good a Man he had always been to her, and hoped he would ever Prosper when she was under Ground, for his loving and tender Usage, both to her and her Children, and so begg'd him to fetch Pen, Ink, and Paper, and she would give him Instructions, away went the good Man, at his Wife's Request, to muster up the Materials; but, before he returned, had the Wit to consider it was a

hard

ward Case that her Cloaths, which were
 ere Neat and Good, should be given to
 Parcel of Gossips, away from her own
 Children; and withal formed a Project,
 as he thought, so to deceive his Wife, that
 he might Die in Peace; and yet save her
 Apparel from the thankless Hands of a
 Parcel of Tipling Tittle-Tattles: When
 he had thus prepared himself, he returns
 with the Scribbling Implements to his
 Wife's Bed-side, desiring her freely to im-
 part her Mind, promising, That all things
 should be performed accordingly; upon
 which she began her Instructions after the
 following manner, (*viz*) ' In the first
 Place, I give unto my Beloved Friend
 and Neighbour Goody *Blowzen*, my High-
 Crown'd Hat, and best red Petticoat,
 for she has been always ready to go and
 come upon all Occasions to me and mine.
 The Good Man instead of mentioning the
 Benefit, writes *Tittle Tattle for that*, and
 then desired his Wife to proceed. ' In the
 next Place, says she, I give and bequeath
 to my Gammar *Dowdy*, my Wedding
 Gown and Smock, for she is a merry
 Dame, and has made us all laugh at many
 a Junket. The Good Man writes again,
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 Dame, and has made us all laugh at many
 a Junket. The Good Man writes again,
Tittle Tattle for that, and then desired

the next *Item*. ' Lastly, says she, I give
 ' and bequeath my great Clasp'd Bible
 ' and my *Whole Duty of Man*, to my Dame
 ' *Cantwell*, for she is a Religious Woman
 ' of whom I have learned Good over
 ' Jug of strong Beer, than ever I did of the
 ' Parson for all the Tythes we have given
 ' him; and that is all Husband, I desire to
 ' dispose of from you. Very well, replies
 the good Man, and again, instead of the last
Item, set down, *Tittle Tattle for that*. ' Well
 ' Wife, says he, now all things are order'd
 ' according to your Mind, I hope you will
 ' die satisfy'd Yes, yes, says she, I thank you
 ' my dear and loving Husband, I bless G--
 ' I can give up my Ghost with Peace of Con-
 ' science. Pray stick the Will up in the Win-
 ' dow, and then you may go and Fodder
 ' the Cattle. The good Mon, according to
 his Wife's Direction, left the Paper in the
 Window, and after he had given her a com-
 fortable Word or two, away he went about
 his Business. No sooner was his Back turn'd
 but in came one of her *Gossiping Legates* to
 pay her a Visit, who entering the Cham-
 ber, thus accosted the Sick Woman, viz
 ' How d'ye now, Neighbour? I hope, by
 ' the Grace of G--d, you find your self on
 ' the mending Hand. No truly, Dame, an-
 ' swers the dying Gammar, I am not a Wo-

man for this World ; I find by the weakness of my Lungs, and the faintness of my Speech, I have but a short Time to tarry among you. But, however, as you have been my good Friend and Neighbour, I have left you something to remember me when I am gone : My Husband, whom you know has been always been a kind and a loving Man to me, has given me leave to dispose of my wearing Cloaths among you, and has writ my Will with his own Hand, Yonder it sticks in the Window. Neighbour, you, I know, can read written Hand ; if you please to look in it, you may see what Legacy I have left you.

With that Gammer Dowdy open'd the lucky Testament, and discovers the raggery. ' Alas ! Neighbour, says she, your Husband has only jested with you ; he has writ down nothing but *Tittle tattle for that, Tittle tattle for that, and Tittle tattle for that.* ' Has he serv'd me so, says the sick Dame, ' now I am going out of the World ; Pray, Neighbour, pick it up where you found it ; I hope for all this, to live long enough to be even with him. Pray, Neighbour, leave me a little to my self, for I expect my

' Husband in every Minute, and I have
 ' something to say to him, that is no
 ' proper for any Body to hear. So the
 Gossip shed a Tear or two at parting, and
 according to the other Request, took her
 Leave for the present. By and by in comes
 the good Man, and hobbling up to the
 Sick Wife's Chamber, ask'd her how she
 did ; who answer'd as if she was just ex-
 piring, ' Oh, very bad, not a Woman for
 ' this World, and therefore she had two
 ' or three dying Requests to him, which
 ' she hoped he would particularly observe
 ' when she was gone to her last Home
 ' Yes, that he would, to be sure, he most
 faithfully promis'd, ' desiring her to speak
 ' her Mind freely, that he might know
 ' what they were. In the first Place, says
 she, ' I would have you to take particu-
 ' lar Care of my Son *Robin*, and breed him
 ' up to Reading and Writing, that when
 ' he is a Scholar good enough, he may
 ' be bound Apprentice to a Mercer ; and
 ' as for my Son *Ralph*, I would have you
 ' breed him up to your own Business, Huf-
 ' bandry ; and as for my Daughter *Jean*
 ' I would have you keep her at Home to
 ' milk the Kine, and look after the Dairy
 ' but as to the Red-headed Girl (whom

he knew to be her Husband's Favourite)
 I say, as to her, you need not take much
 Care, because ——— Because what,
 says Roger, in a mighty Passion, 'why
 not take Care of her? Because,' replies
 the dying Dame, 'she's none of yours:
 Adsheartliwounds, cries Roger, None of
 mine, you wicked Baggage you, whose
 is she then? *Tittle tattle for that*, cries the
 good Wife, *Tittle tattle for that Knave*,
Tittle tattle for that Cuckold, and so she dy'd,

thus we may see, at the last Gasp of Life,
 How sweet Revenge is to an angry Wife;
 Once they're injur'd, slighted, flam'd or sham'd.
 When dying they'll requite us, tho' they're damn'd.
 Therefore forbear to vex them, for we find,
 Like Bees they wound, and leave their Sting behind.

The Physician's Receipt to cure a Welchman
 of a Fever: Or, to kill an Englishman
 with the same Medicine.

A Gentleman of Wales coming fresh
 off the Mountains to visit London,
 happen'd upon change of Air, to fall dan-
 gerously ill of a Hectick Fever. An Eng-
 lish Physician being immediately sent for,
 found his Condition to be very dangerous,
 and presently order'd him such proper
 Medicines as are usually administred in
 such Cases, but all to no Purpose; for the
 Distem

Distemper prov'd so very rebellious, that notwithstanding the Doctor proceeded according to the best of Judgment, yet the Physick he prescrib'd him, was wholly ineffectual, till at last, the Patient was reduc'd to so low a Condition, that the Doctor, tho' a skilful Man, quite despair'd of his Recovery, so told the Nurse privately, *That he had done the utmost, according to the Rules of Art, and that all his Visits and Prescriptions for the future would be of little use to the Patient, so that he would now give him up to the Goodness of God, and the Care of himself; for he could not conceive it was in the Power of Physick to save his Life, therefore advis'd her to deal gently by him, and deny him nothing he could eat or drink, that those few Moments he had to spend in this World might pass away under the less Uneasiness; so took leave of the Nurse, and away he went.* No sooner had the Doctor given the Nurse this Liberty, but as soon as his Back was turn'd, she began to fondle her dying Patient, and begg'd him to think of some thing or other that he believ'd he could eat or drink, and let it be what it would she would get it him presently; at last he lifts up his languishing Eyes, and sta

ring her full in the Face, cry'd out as loud as he was able to speak, Toasted-Cheefe. With that she ran in all haste to the next Chandlers, notwithstanding she thought it strange Food for a dying Man, in a Fever, yet she resolv'd he should have it; and accordingly bought a Pound of good old Cheshire, and cook'd it so agreeable to her *Welsh* Patient's Tooth, that he eat it up every bit, to the Nurse's great Astonishment. She then ask'd him, 'What he thought he could drink? He told her then, with a much stronger Voice than before, 'A Gallon of Leek-Porridge. The Nurse finding the Toasted-Cheefe agree so well with her Patient, ran immediately to the Herb-stall for a Bunch of Leeks, and brew'd him up a Gallon of Welch-Caudle presently, which, as soon as it was cool enough for his Pallat, he drank off, and then turning his Face from the Light, compos'd himself to rest, and slept heartily till the next Morning, and when he awak'd, was so extreamly mended, that the Nurse had great Hopes of his Recovery. In the Afternoon the Doctor happening to come that Way in his Coach, gave a Look up at the Chamber, expecting the dead

dead Signal, that is, ' The Windows to
' be open, but finding them shut, stopp'd
his Coach, and stepp'd up Stairs to see how
Matters went, and coming into the Cham-
ber, found the Patient he had given over
but the Day before, to great Admiration
getting out of his Bed. The Doctor was
perfectly amaz'd at this unexpected Sight,
and enquir'd of the Nurse, ' What strange
' Measures she had taken to recover him?
Who very readily told him what an un-
accountable Refreshment she had given
him. ' Nurse, says the Doctor, very
gravely smelling to the Civet-Box of his
Ebony-Cane, ' You have done very
' well: Pray let him have more Toasted-
' Cheese, and more Leek-Porridge, and
' I will call again to Morrow, and see how
' it agrees with him. The Patient liked
it so well, that as often as they repeated
it, he was willing to take it, till in a little
time the Welsh-man was thoroughly re-
cover'd, upon which the Nurse was well
paid, and the Physician had the Reputa-
tion of a very wonderful Cure.

In a little Time after this miraculous
Success, the Doctor happen'd to have
an English Patient exactly in the same
Condition; that, by all the Rules of

Art, by which he govern'd his Practice, he could not administer one Medicine that would abate the Distemper : At last, calling to mind what a wonderful Cure the Nurse and he had so lately performed, by Toasted Cheese and Leek Porridge, not knowing but there might be some Occult Quality in the one or the other, more than Physicians were acquainted with, he resolv'd to make Tryal of their Vertues a second time, and accordingly directed the Nurse to administer them to the Patient, whom the Doctor declared was absolutely past Recovery by any other Means. The Nurse thought it strange Advice from a College Physician ; but however, it being his Directions, she was resolv'd to observe them ; and accordingly provided a plentiful Plate full of Balsamick Cheshire, toasted *Secundum Artem*, which with much ado, she perswaded her Patient to swallow, after much keeking, and to take a hearty Draught of Leek Porridge after it, to help Digestion. No sooner had the feeble Patient fore'd down both his Doses, but he turned his Face to the Wall, and instead of going to Sleep, in less than a Quarter of an Hour he made his Exit ; The Doctor

Doctor coming the next Day to enquire after the Success of his new Medicament, looking up for the old Signal found the Windows wide open, by which he presently understood, without farther Enquiry, what Condition his Patient was in; so, altering his Course, plucks out his Pocket-Book, and in it makes this Memorandum, 'Toasted-Cheese and Leak Porridge, a certain Cure for a Welshman in a Fever; but present Death for an Englishman. *Probaturum est.*

The Wilful Drunkard ; Or, The Shoemaker made a Cuckold by the Devil.

A Jolly Crispin having a confounded Scold to his Wife, happened to come Home one Night, at a late Hour, very much troubled with a drunken Vertigo in his Noddle : He had no sooner enter'd the Shop, but his Angry Helpmate, in a mighty Passion for his Offence, began to spirt out such provoking Messes of maundering Broth, in the very Teeth of her Pot-Valiant Spouse, that he swore, ' Since he could not be quiet at Home, he would return from whence he came, and spend the rest of

' the

the Night, where he could be more easy. She still persisted in her termagant Spirit, and very aggravating Words were toss'd backwards and forwards, till at last the difference grew too great for any present Reconciliation. A Chimney-Sweeper coming by, who had pawn'd his Brooms for an Evening's Draught, over-hearing their coarse Compliments, stood a little under the Eves to listen to the Fray. The Shoe-maker at last grew so highly enrag'd, that he swore he would go out again; and wrenching open the Door, in spite of his Wife's Resistance, out he went, and away he stagger'd, she bawling after him in these Words, *viz.* Go and hang'd you Rogue, since you will go, and say the Devil go with you? The Chimney-sweeper, when he heard the Door open, rattled away a little before the Shoe-maker, and stept up into an Alley till Crispin was gone past him; then flinging his footy Sack which he had upon his Shoulder over his Head like a hood, that he might make the more humil Figure, he trudg'd after the Shoe-maker, till he got just upon the heels of him. Crispin hearing some body come rattling after, fac'd about, and

and by the Light of the Stars discovered a strange black Monster just at the very Nose of him: *Who are you?* Says the Shoe-maker. *The Devil*, cries the Chimney-Sweeper. *Pray Mr. Devil*, says Crispin, *What want you with me?* *Your Wife sent me after you*, cries the Chimney-Sweeper, *to fetch you Home.* *Home*, cries Crispin, *Pray, Mr. Devil, to which Home, your Home or my Home?* *To your own home*, answers the Chimney-Sweeper. *Then I'll take all the Shoes in my Shop*, says Crispin, *will not go, except you will first carry my Wife to your Home, and then I'll go home presently.* *Done*, says the Chimney-Sweeper, *stay you here 'till I return, and I'll Pack her off for you instantly.* *Done*, cries the Shoe-maker, *do you perform your Word, and I'll perform my Word.* Away runs the Chimney-Sweeper, to the Shoe-maker's House in St. Martins, knocks at the Door, to which comes the Wife in her Smock, expecting it was her Husband. Greatly frighten'd, she takes for the Chimney-Sweeper, for fear of frightening her, presently discovers himself, and tells her what a Trick he had put upon her Husband, and upon what Errand her Spouse had sent him; and that if she would but first let him make him-

Cuckold, he would engage to make
in a good Husband for ever after:
Upon this Condition the Wife consented,
and the Business being done with a Jirk,
she gave her Directions how she should
manage the Matter, and returned again
to the Shoe-maker, who waited with great
impatience to hear the Success *Well*, says
Crispin to the Devil, as he thought, *have*
you done the Business? *Ay, Ay*, says the
Chimney-Sweeper, *effectually*, therefore
make haste Home, for I forgot to shut the
Door after me. *How did she behave her self*,
says *Crispin*, *did she not scold damnably?*
Confoundedly cries the Chimney-Sweeper,
she has already put Hell in an Uproar, and
how long we shall be able to keep her there,
Wald L——d knows. *Wounds*, says the Shoe-
maker, *good Devil keep her now thou hast her*,
if you let her come back again, I shall cer-
tainly hang my self. So bidding each
other Farewel, away went *Crispin* with
great Joy to his own House, where the
Door was left of a Jar, and the Wife
stood hid in a Closet above Stairs, ac-
cording to the Chimney Sweeper's Di-
rections. *Crispin*, when he had made all
fast, took the Candle and went up to
his bed, pleasing himself with the Thoughts
of

of the great Kindness the Devil had done him, and sitting himself down on the Bed-side, began to undress, making himself merry with a piece of an old Ballad which he thought very applicable to his present Happiness, viz.

*I value not Silver or Gold,
Now I'm rid of a troublesome Evil,
My Wife was a damnable Scold,
But now she is gone to the Devil.*

Upon these Words out bolts his Wife upon him from the Closet, with her Hair about her Ears like a Fury, and her Smock as black with the Chimney Sweepers smugling her, as if herself had been the Devil, crying out, *You lye you Rogue, I defy the Devil and all his Works. I will make you know, Sirrah, there is never a Devil in Hell can Master me, if I am set on't; you may see by my Pickle, I was forc'd to struggle hard to overcome Satan, and since I have Conquer'd the Devil, I am resolv'd I will Master you.* The poor Shoe-maker, in the midst of his Jollitry was so sadly Cow'd at his Tormentor's Appearance, That he was forced to cry *Peccavi*, and acknowledge his Wife to be so good a Woman that the Devil could have

ave no Power over her, so upon Cris-
 n's Submission, his Tongue-teasing Fu-
 y put on a clean Smock in order or in-
 ire her cozen'd *Cuckold* to the butter'd
 un which the *Chimney-Sweeping Devil*
 ad left him for his Supper, and then tum-
 led into Bed, where all past Differences
 ere reconcil'd by the matrimonial
 eace-Maker.

*The Comical Exchange: Or, a Fire-Ship
 instead of a Maiden Head.*

A Country Gentleman coming up to
 Town, happen'd to take a Lodg-
 ing in an Apothecary's House; where he
 ad not resided above a Week, but, being
 n amorous Sark, he fell deeply in Love,
 s he pretended, with the Apothecary's
 Maid, improving all Opportunities that
 offer'd, in hopes to decoy the Girl into
 ne like Affection, that their Desires
 ight be mutual. But the Wench being
 s Cunning as she was Pretty, was very
 cautious how she gave him Encourage-
 ment, because she had good Reasons to
 believe, from his manner of Courtship,
 is Design was only, to debauch her.
 After he had try'd, for some Time,
 all the soothing Means imaginable, to
 bring

bring her to a Compliance, but still found her Virtue so impregnable, that all his Solicitations to the End, were repuls'd with such a modest Contempt, and virtuous Defiance, that he grew almost hopeless of obtaining his Desires; yet at last resolv'd to try Love's powerful Expedient, Gold; and if he found he could not purchase a Surrender upon reasonable Terms, then to break up his Siege, and utterly desist making any further Efforts, but for the future look upon her as Unconquerable.

In pursuance of his Design, the next Opportunity he had, had he renewed his Amours, and to strengthen her Belief of the wonderful Passion he had for her, he told her, *What mighty things he would do for her, if she would but condescend to oblige him with her Favours; and, as present Earnest of his sincere Intention, he would present her with that little Purse of Gold, wherein there were ten half Guineas upon Condition she would but promise to be kind to him.* The Girl, wanting no Wit, answer'd him, *Since she was not to be won with Love, she was not to be purchas'd with Money, and tho' she was but in the mean Circumstances of a Servant, yet she*

thank

ank'd God, she had Honesty enough to resist
such a powerful Temptation. The Gentleman
finding she would not swallow the Bait
upon any such Terms, press her to keep
them a Day or two to consider of it, in
hopes, when she had once had the hand-
ling of the glittering Bribe, she would
rather submit than return it. With much
difficulty he at last prevail'd upon her to
receive the Gold, with a promise to give
him her Answer the next Day, whether
she should heal those Wounds which her
eyes had given, or not.

It happen'd, about two Days before,
a Young Lady of the Town who had
red her Tail by an immoderate Resig-
nation of her Favours, had privately ta-
ken a Lodging in the same House, that
the Apothecary, might repair her damg'd
carcass with a gentle Salivation ; which
the Wench knowing, and conceiving
Madam to be a proper Person to manage
the Intrigue, she acquaints her with all
that had pass'd between the Gentleman
and her except the little Purse of Gold ;
and told her, *That if she would but be so*
kind as to change Beds with her for one
night, they could put a pretty Trick upon
the

the Gentleman, who was a Rich Count Curmudgeon, and would prove a fat Patient to her Master, who, she was sure, would be well pleased with the Project, and would use her the more kindly for being an Instrument in procuring him so profitable a Patient. The Lady, who, ever since she was able, had been a great Lover of Intrigue, very readily consented. Upon this the Gentleman afterwards carry'd her self towards him with a little more Freedom than ordinary, and after he had press'd her to Compliance with a strenuous Repetition of his former Arguments, she at last seem'd, tho' with a blushing Countenance, to acquiesce with his Desires: telling him *That she Lodged just over his Head, and if he could oblige him with any thing that he thought worth coming up so high for, it should be at his Service; but withal, desir'd him to come up in the Dark, for fear a Candle should give a glance through some of the Key-holes of the Doors, and cause a Discovery, for that she would have a Light by her Bed-side ready to receive him, but beg'd him not to wait till he was sure all the Family was in Bed.* He promised her punctually to observe her Directions, and down Stairs

went about her Business, leaving the Spark under an inexpressible Satisfaction for the mighty Conquest as he thought he had happily gain'd over such a pretty Innocent. The Maid as well pleas'd as her lover, soon found a Convenient Opportunity to communicate how for she had proceed to her Lewd Agent, who was mad to Revenge herself of that ingrateful Cox, who had brought her Youth and Beauty into so Miserable a Condition, and knew her self so very forward to play her part, that the pleasing Foresight she had of the Deceit, gave her Fancy a Titulation. About Ten a Clock at Night the Lady betook her self to the Maid's Chamber, and the Maid retir'd into Miss's Apartment. When all things were hush and silent, and a proper Season for the enjoyment was at hand, Madam, by jogging the Chair by her Bed-side, gave the Gentleman beneath Notice, that his dear loved, as he thought, expected his Company; he presently slips on his Gown, opening his Door with as much Caution as Midnight Thief, by soft and gentle as he makes his approaches towards his happiness, Miss lying all the while very unsuspect to watch his Entrance, who

at last, came sliding in at the Door as
 silently as a Shadow : Upon which *Phillip*
 immediately pops out the Candle, giving
 him no more Time to look about him, but
 just to see where the Bed stood, lest he
 should discern the Difference. No sooner
 had he fumbled his Way into Love's Pa-
 radise, the Bed: but being ready Cock
 and Prim'd, he began to be mighty busi-
 about the Maiden head, which his ex-
 perient'd Bed-fellow manag'd with suc-
 Subtilty that he made no scruple of his
 being the first Sinner that ever jogg'd on
 that untrodden Way : Her Whispers were
 so soft that her Voice was undiscoverable
 and her Deportment so very Coy, and yet
 inviting, that she did not at all question but
 that was the beginning of her Corruption.
 The Spark, proud of so glorious a Con-
 quest, repeated over his Joys with abun-
 dant of Vigour, 'till at last he had so ex-
 hausted his Spirits, that he began to totter
 at the labouring Oar, which his Bed fellow
 finding, entreated him in a soft Whisper
To turn to his own Bed whilst the Family
were dead in Sleep, lest by some Accident
Blunder upon the Stars, if he staid while they
were more Wakeful, it should give them cause
Suspicion. He having already glutted
 himself

himself with the forbidden Fruit, was glad to take her Advice, that he might come off with flying Colours, so gave her a parting Kiss, and went groping his Way down to his own Chamber. *Phillis* was so highly pleased that the Project had succeeded so well, that she could not sleep for laughing in her Sleeve, to think how she had Pepper'd off the Spark, and made him a Part'ner in her Affliction. A little before Day-light Madam steals down to her own Bed, and tells the Maid how luckily every thing had been carry'd on, according to both their Wishes: The French, after her Ears had been tickled with a luscious Account of the whole Proceeding, advanc'd to her own Room, and about the usual time of her rising, came down Stairs; and upon the first Opportunity she had acquaints her Master with the whole Intrigue. Truly, says the Master, I must need commend thee both for thy Wit and thy honesty; for since he could not be content with ut Where, I think thou didst well to deceive him one that was a Whore; but however says he, to prevent a noise in the House, I would advise to go into the Country to your Mother, 'till I send for you up again, and let none of the

Family know any thing of the Matter, and let me alone to manage the Business for the future. The Maid was very glad to take her Master's Counsel, and packing up a few Necessaries, went privately into the Country. The Gentleman wonder'd that at the succeeding Day he could not see his Love as he us'd to do, the next Day came and when he call'd for any thing, there came a sort of a Chair-Woman; as soon as he had dress'd himself, down Stairs she comes into the Shop, expecting to see him frisking backwards and forwards as he us'd to do, thinking that her Modesty might make her ashamed to look him in the Face, conceiving that to be the reason she would not come up Stairs to him. But and by in comes the Master, and after they had bid one another Good-Morrow, the Lord, Sir, says the Apothecary, *I have heard one of the oddest things happen'd in my Family, that has perfectly amaz'd me! what is that?* cries the Gentleman. *Hannah, the pretty Wench, replies the Apothecary, That was my Servant, is gone from me so accountably, that I am afraid the poor Girl will come to some Mischief; she went out, it seems Yesterday Morning, and has never been heard on since, I am afraid the silly Creature was*

ve, and by some Means or other has made
 way with herself. This unaccountable
 news nettled the poor Gentleman sadly,
 who was apt enough to think the Wench,
 (reflecting upon the Sin) and Folly she had
 committed over Night,) might be induced
 to do something or other that might be the
 occasion of her Ruin. This past on for three
 four Days. till at last, the Fire which
 smothering in the Gentleman's lower
 apartment, began to break out with most
 astonishing Violence : No sooner had he
 found that she had burnt his *Pope*, but he
 presently concluded that to be the Cause
 of her running away, and that instead of
 a Maiden-head, she had given him for his
 five Guineas, a confounded Clap ; he
 thought he could not be too early with
 such a Distemper, and presently commu-
 nicates his Condition to the Apothecary ;
 telling him, *That Modest Mrs. Hannah had*
done him that piece of Service, and that now
the Cause was plain why she left him so ab-
solutely. The serious *Fundament-Peeper* made
 mighty Wonder [at these Tidings, de-
 siring what a positive Opinion he had
 of her Vertue ; But, says the Doctor, *I*
think we are all Adam's Children, and must have
Bite at the Forbidden Fruit as well as our

Parents. So taking the Gentleman under his Cure, he made a fine Penny of his Country Chub, e'er he dispatch'd him out of Town; Cured his Female Patient upon easie Terms for her Civility; and then recall'd his Maid *Hannah* into her Old Service.

The Dead Man's Resurrection: Or, The Judge Buried alive in his own Cellar.

ONE of the Judges in King Charles the Second's Reign, being in the long Vacation at his Country House in *Holfworth* in *Suffolk*, happen'd upon too serious a Reflection on some late Juvenile Miscarriages, to fall into a deep Fit of the *Hypochondria*, insomuch that he fancy'd himself to be Dead, was so very Obstinate under the Influence of his whimsical Distemper, that he would not be persuaded to stir Hand or Foot, receive any manner of Sustenance, but by Force, till he had brought his Body into so low a Condition, that had a light Candle been in his Belly, his Sides would have prov'd as Transparent as a Lanthorn: 'n this stubborn Frenzy he lay upon his Back. Itrecht out at his length, like a Corps, and as Motionless

Stone Figure upon an old Tomb, neither his Physician, nor his Family knowing what to do with him. A famous *High German Doctor* coming into the Town, attended with a Pack of *Fools* and *Peep-Dancers*, in order to pick the Country Peoples Pockets of a little Money, hearing of so eminent a Person under this unaccountable Indisposition took an Occasion, the first Time that he mounted his publick Theatre, to mention this Matter to his *Country Chubs*, who were giving great Attention to all the Lies he could muster up to his Advantage, telling them, *their Country Physicians were all Fools, and that the Judge, was only troubled with the Mulligrubs; and that if his Lady would stand for him, he would undertake to bring him by his Speech, set him upon his Legs, make him Walk, Talk, Eat, Drink, Piss, Sh— do any thing in four and twenty Hours time, else he would desire nothing for his Trouble:* This large Promise of the Mountebank was soon communicated to the Judge's Lady, who being a tender Wife to her Husband, and willing to try every thing that might do him good, sent immediately for the *Dutch Tooth-Drawer*, to consult him about the matter; who told her positively, *He*

could soon Cure him, if she would promise he should have a Hundred Guineas Reward, provided he had Leave without Interruption, to do as he should think fit. The Lady assur'd him, he should have all the Liberty he desir'd to work the Cure, and the Reward he asked, when he had perform'd it. Both Parties being agreed, the Doctor sent his Man for a Joiner and a Coffin, as soon as the one had brought the other, up Stairs they went; for the Doctor would not see his Patient before he had got his Tools ready. When every thing was in order, in goes the Doctor and the Lady, the rest tarry'd without till call'd for. No sooner had the Doctor cast an Eye upon his swollen Patient, but that he cries out to the Lady, *Lord, Madam, what makes you send for a Physician to the Dead Man? For Shame keep him not above Ground any longer. Upon my Word, Madam, he has been Dead so long that he stinks again, and if you don't bury him quickly, the very Scent of his Corps will breed a Plague in your Family. I have had a Coffin in the House some time,* reply'd the Lady, *but was loth to have him Buried too soon, for fear he should come to Life again. By all Means, say, the Doctor, let it be brought in, and order him to be Nail'd up with all Expedition.*

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dition. ' Pray, Doctor, says the Lady, do you stay a little in the Room, for fear the Rats should gnaw the Corps, and I'll step and order some of my Servants to bring in the Coffin presently. The Patient heard all this, but was still too Humoursome to break his Silence, by and by comes the Lady, and her Servants after her with the Coffin, who set it down by the Bed-side, and then, wrapt their Master up in a couple of warm Blankets, and into the Coffin they very orderly laid him, put on the Lid, and made a hammering over his Head, as if they were Nailing him up: He endur'd it all without either Word or Motion, and when he was enclos'd, they order'd the great Bell of the Church to ring out, that he might think they were bearing him to his last Home, the Grave; instead of which they carry him down into his own Wine-Cellar, where they set some Body to watch by him, till a good Supper was got ready; in the Interim the Doctor order'd his Lady, and her Servants, so to disguise themselves in Winding-sheets, and such like Dresses, that would best represent a parcel of Ghosts or Spirits, the Doctor making one amongst them: When they were thus equip'd, the Doctor led the Van of the

Hob Goblins, and into the Cellar they went, where they alter'd their Voices as much as possible, and fell into a merry extravagant Chat, concerning the Affairs of the Upper-World, rattling the Bottles and the Glasses, extolling their Happiness after Death, and drinking to the Remembrance of those Friends they had left behind. The Cloth being laid, in a little time down came Supper, which they fell to with all the seeming Jollity imaginable.

As they were thus merrily eating and carousing: *What's the Matter*, says the Doctor, *with that melancholy Ghost*, that does not rise out of his Coffin? He has been among us this Fortnight, and has not yet given us any of his Company: Sure he is sadly tired with his Journey out of the other World; for he has had a plaguy long Sleep after it; Pray thee awake him, and ask him to eat a Bit with us, for he has had no Refreshment since he has been in the Elizium: With that one of the most frightful of the Spectres, with a Taper in his Hand, opens the Lid of the Coffin, and hollowing in his Ears, *Mag Dammum, Huggle-Duggle*, Deputy Governor of the lower Regions, desires your Company to Supper with him. Upon which he raises his Head

to the Edge of the Coffin, and beholding
such a parcel of frightful-Figures feeding
as heartily as so many Ploughmen; Pray,
says he, do dead Men Eat? Aye, aye, and
Drink too, says the Doctor, or how should
they Live else? Then, says the Judge, If
Eating be the Custom of this Country, I will
make my Resurrection, and pick a Bit with you,
so they lent him a Hand, and conducted
him to a Seat at the Table. Truly, says he,
I am very glad to find that Dead Men live so
merrily: Well may we be so merry, cries the
Doctor, for we live better here without Money
than a Man in the other World can for a
Thousand Pounds a Year; for in short we have
every thing, and that for nothing. The Judge,
who was a great Lover of a little Shoulder
of Mutton, which his Lady remembring,
had got one ready at the Fire, ask'd them,
if that Country afforded any Mutton? The
first replies the Doctor, in all the 3 Worlds:
here fetch a hot Shoulder presently; which,
by one of the Ghostly Attendance, was
brought immediately; at which unexpected
sight the Judge was so well pleas'd, that
he fell too, and eat heartily. When Sup-
per was over, they drank a chearful Glass
to the Memory of all their particular
friends over their Head, till at last the
Patient

Patient (being much weaken'd with his long Fasting) grew very fuddled, so that they turn'd him again into his wooden Territories, where he soon fell into a very sound Sleep; during which time they carry'd him up into his own Room, and put him again into his Bed, where he rested very well, and his Lady with him, till the next Morning about day-light, and at last, waking, he began to look about him very strangely surpriz'd, which the Lady perceiving, cry'd, 'Prithee, my Dear, what's the matter with thee? Lord, Love, says he, 'Art thou there? Where are we? In your own Bed, replies the Lady, In your own Chamber, in your own House: Where do you think we should be? Then, says the Judge, 'I have had one of the unaccountable Dreams that ever was heard on. And fall to repeating over all he had seen over Night. 'Poh, poh, says she, never mind such idle Whimsies, but think of what you can eat for Breakfast. So, up got my Lady, and provided him something that was comfortable; and from that Time he was recover'd of his Melancholy; so the Mountebank had his Reward, and the Judge sat upon the Bench for several Years after.

*Reason's quite lost, where Melancholly Rules,
The wisest Men we see sometimes are Fools.*

Poem

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POEMS on several Occasions.

To the Dutcheſs of B——n, on her remaining in the Country this Winter. By Dr. Garth.

Cease Rural Conquests, and set free your Swains,
To Druids leave the Groves, to Nymphs the
In Pensive Dales alone let Eccho dwell, [Plains,
And each sad Sigh she hears, with Sorrow tell;
Haste, let your Eyes at * Kent's Pavillion shine,
It wants but Stars, and then the Work's Divine.
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding Towns,
Of Captives Generals, and protected Crowns:
Of purchas'd Laurels, and of Battles won,
Lines forc'd, Stars vanquish'd, Provinces o'er-run,
And all Alide's Labours sum'd in one. }
The Brave must be the Fair now yield the Prize,
And English Arms submit to English Eyes:
In which bright List among the first you stand,
Tho' each a Goddess, or a Sunderland.

* A Gallery the E. of Kent hath built at St. James's.

To Mr. S ——. By Mr. A ——.

WHilst crowding Folks with strange ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places,
And some with Patent, some with Merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord D ——'s Spirit.
Sneaking I stood amongst the Crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited 'till the Clock struck thrice,
And Footmen brought up Fifty Lies:
But Patience vex'd, and Legs grown weary,
I found it was in vain to tarry;
And did Opine it might be better,
By Penny-Post to send a Letter.

Now

Now if you miss of this Epistle,
 I'am baulk'd again, and may go Whistle.
 My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little Place:
 And fair Pretensions I have for't,
 Much Want, and very small Desert.
 I ne'er writ to you but I wanted,
 I've always begg'd, you've always granted.
 To my old Custom still I'm true,
 For God's sake don't you get a new,
 But as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my Learning and my Victual;
 And still Equip'd me with things fitting,
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six or Seven,
 As S ——— has left Mount S ———n,
 No Family that takes a Whelp,
 When first it Laps, and scarce can Yelp,
 Neglects, or turns it out of Gate,
 When once 'tis grown to Dog's Estate:
 Nor Parish, if they once adopt
 The helpless Barns, by Strowlers dropt,
 Leave them when grown up lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is, the Gallows:
 No, thank them for their Love, that's worse
 Than if they'd throtd'd them at Nurse.
 * My Uncle, rest his Soul, when Living, * a *Vnt*
 Might have contriv'd my means of Thriving;
 Taught me with Cyder to replenish
 My Fats, as ebbing Tides with Rhenish:
 And when for Hock I drew prick'd White-wine,
 Swear't had the Flower, and that 'twas Right-wine,
 Or put me with Seven Pounds to Furne-
 val's-Inn, to some good Rogue Attorney,

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Where then by Forging Deed, and Cheating,
 I had some handsome Way of getting
 You made me leave all this to follow
 The sneaking Whey-fac'd God, Apollo.
 Or Folks I'd never seen or knew,
 Calliope, and God knows who,
 To add no more Invetives to it,
 You've spoild the Youth to make a Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, sure no Man
 E'er makes a Whore but keeps the Woman.
 And 'amongst all honest, Christian People,
 Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.
 The Sum of all I have to say,
 Is that you'd put me in some way,
And your Petitioner shall ever pray.
 There's something more I had almost slipt,
 But that will do as well in Postscript.
 My Friend C——M——'s prefer'd,
 Nor would I have it long observ'd,
 That one Mouse Feasts, and c'other's Starv'd.

}

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The English Padlock. By Mr. P——r.

THE lovely Dame, when fair and young,
 As Horace has divinely Sung,
 Could not be kept from Jove's Embrace
 By Door of Steel, and Walls of Brass.
 The Reason of the Thing is clear,
 Wou'd Jove the naked Truth aver;
 Cupid was with him of the Party,
 And acted Vigorous and Hearty.
 For give that Whipster but his Errand,
 He tak-s with Lord Chief Justice Warrant;
 Dauntless as Death away he walks,
 Breaks the Doors open, snaps the Locks,
 Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study,
 Nor stops 'till he has Culprits Body.

By

Lock her fast, I keep the Key;
 The Key——hole——Fool, that take away.
 Dear angry Friend, what may be done,
 Where there no way? 'There is but one.
 Send her Abroad, and let her see
 That all this mingled Mass, which she,
 Being forbidden, longs to know,
 Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
 Powder and Pocket-Glass a Beau.
 A Steeple of Romance and Lies,
 False Fears, and real Perjuries.
 Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold,
 And Love is made but to be told;
 Where the fat Bawd, and lavish Heir,
 The Spoils of ruin'd Beauties share;
 And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame,
 Must give up Age to Want and Shame;
 Let her behold the Frantick Scene,
 The Women wretched, false the Men;
 And when the certain ills to shun,
 She would to thy Embraces run,
 Receive her with extended Arms,
 Seem more delighted with her Charms;
 Wait on her to the Park and Play,
 Put on good Humour, make her Gay;
 Be to her Virtues very kind,
 Be to her Faults a little blind;
 Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
 And clasp your Padlock on her Mind.

Mr. Brown's Petition to the Lords Justices, when
 he was Prisoner for writing a Lampoon on the
 French King, soon after the Peace of Ryswick.

Should you order Tom Brown
 To be whipt thro' the Town,
 For scurvy Lampoon,
 Tute, Southern, and Crown,
 Their Pens will lay down;

Even

Even D'Ursey himself, and those merry Fellows,
 Who put all their Trust in Tunes and Twangdillows
 Must hang up themselves, and their Harps on the
 (VVillow

For if Poets are punish'd for libelling Truth,
 Jack Dryden at Fifty may yet fear the Lash :

No Pension, no Praise,
 All Birch, and no Bays,
 These are not right VVays,
 Our Fancies to raise,
 To the making of Plays;
 Or Prologues so witty,
 That jerk at the City ;
 And now and then hit
 Some Friend in the Pit,
 So hard and so pat,
 That he hides with his
 His monstrous Cravat.
 The Pulpits alone
 Can never preach down
 The Fops of this Town.
 Then pardon Tom Brown,
 And let him write on ;

Or, if your willing to convert the poor Sinner,
 His foul railing Mouth you may stop with a Dinner
 Give him new Cloaths, some Meat, & much Drink
 Then keep him close Prisoner without Pen and Ink

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c
 The Whim ; Dedicated to the two Poppit Kings, &c

Midst pretty Tricks, and quaint Device ;
 Of tiny Children, when void of Vice ;
 When Soul, that Particle Divine,
 Does but like Farching Candle shine ;
 While Maid does hold the silly Taper,
 Enrap'd in Lanthorn made of Paper ;
 Which to but just Discernment brings,
 Nor shews the Difference of Things.

glimmers the young dawning Soul
 Of Nature's pretty little Fool.
 Therefore, as Cassocks say, 'Tis thought,
 What'e'r it does can be no Fault.
 I say, 'midst Pleasantries of Child,
 Little Machines, and Actions wild.
 Of Cards I've seen the Bauble take
 A Superannuated Back :
 The Diamond's sully'd, and the Spade,
 By frequent Use now dirty made ;
 And only fit to entertain
 Petty Conceit of Infant Brain,
 Which scarce as yet within the Skull,
 Is grown to half a Saucer full.
 When Card by Card the Oaf does take,
 Father, look here, what I can make.
 And then to work he strait does fall,
 To frame some small Escurial,
 Some minor Pauls, or tiny Coloss ;
 (But O the dismal Fate that follows)
 First then he for Foundation lays
 A Row of Kings, a Royal Race :
 By them the Sex that's fair and tender,
 Their Spouses of the Fem'ine Gender ;
 The Queen of Hearts the brightest shone ;
 And now the Edifice goes on.
 The Mob with Clubs and Spades are laid,
 Those dy'd the other into Red.
 But high'st of all a Pack of Knaves,
 The Babe too Naturally heaves ;
 Just as in Fortune's Scales we see
 Rogues mounted to Supremacy ;
 There many Pams win all, each takes
 The Coin and sweeps away the Stakes.
 Well, now the Structure rises, and
 In gay Sublimity does stand,
 Emblem of Artificial Hand.

3
 But 3

But ah the Fate, when just at Roof,
 Behind comes a Malicious Puff,
 And down the Gugaw Piles does fall,
 As future Paul's, e'er Doomsday shall.
 E'en so with small Things great compare,
 Lewis the Proud is nought but Air;
 With those that form'd his Grand Design,
 So close, so exquisitely fine;
 Richelieu the Leader Mazarine,
 Louvois, and Croissy, and Forbine;
 None with the nicest Subtilty,
 Could ought that was mislaid descry,
 Yet all their mighty Projects die.
 'Twas tho' a Fine, yet Airy Web,
 The Torrent now begins to Ebb:
 And now the Louvre and Versailles,
 Th' Escorial too, that Spanish Pauls,
 Shake at Great Eugene's Name and Sword,
 Who's sending them another Lord,
 And's like to puff the Babel down,
 The little Boy that wears the Crown,
 With Grand Pa, Pa, wou'd fain aspire
 High as the German Bird, and higher;
 For see the Spanish Phaeton,
 That dwell's i'th' Regions of the Sun,
 Has got his leave of Gallick Sire,
 To go and set the World on Fire.
 Well, drive on Coachman, and take care
 To set down, not bring back your Fare.
 The Don Monsieur, the Spanish Beau,
 When he comes near the fatal Po.
 May Curse old Daddy's Allez Vous.
 A Prologue design'd for Tamerlane.

Written by

Dr. G——.

TO Day a mighty Hero comes to warm
 Your Curdling Blood, and bid you Britains Arm.

To

To Value much he owes, to Vertue more.
He Fights to save, and Conquers to restore ;
He strains no Text, nor makes Dragoons perswade ;
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade ;
Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live,
Their Prosperity is his Prerogative.
His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,
And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.
Such, Britains, is the Prince that you possess,
In Counsel greatest, and in Camp no less ;
Gentle, but not Cruel, Wise without Deceit,
Born for an Age, cur'd with a Bajazet ;
But you disdaining for to be secure,
Ask his Protection, and yet grutch his Power :
With you a Monarch's Right is in Dispute,
Who gives Supplies are only Absolute.

The Play-House. A Satyr.

Near to the Rose, where Punks in Numbers Flock,
To pick up Cullies to increase their Stock ;
A lofty Fabrick does the Sight invade,
And stretches round the Place a pompous Shade :
Where sudden Shouts the Neighbourhood surprize,
And thundering Claps and dreadful Hissing rise.
Here thrifty R——hires Monarchs by the Day,
And keeps his Mercenary Kings in Pay ;
With deep Mouth'd Actors fill their vacant Scenes,
And drains the Town for Goddesses and Queens.
Here the Lewd Punk with Crowns & Scepters grac'd,
Teaches her Eyes a more Majestick Cast ;
And hungry Monarchs with a numerous Train
Of Suppliant Knaves, like Sancho Starve & Reign.
But enter in my Muse, the Sage Survey,
And all its Pomp and Pageantry display,
Trap-doors and Pit-falls, from th' Unfaithful Ground,
And Magick Walls encompass it around :

On

On either Side maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,
 And intermix'd with Brothel-Houses.
 Dis jointed Palaces in Order stand,
 And Groves obedient to the Mover's Hand,
 O'er-shade the Stage, and flourish at Command,
 A stamp makes broken Towns and Trees entire,
 So when Amphion struck the vocal Lute,
 He saw the spacious Circuit all around,
 With crowding Woods & neighbouring Cities crown'd.

But next the Tiring-Room survey and see
 False Titles and Promiscuous Quality,
 Confus'dly swarm from Heroes and from Queens
 To those that swing in Clouds, and fill Machines
 The various Characters they chuse with Art,
 The frowning Bully fit the Tyrant's Part.
 Swoln Cheeks and swaggering Belly makes a Host
 Pale meagre Looks, and hollow Voice a Ghost.
 From careful Brows, and heavy down-cast Eyes,
 Dull Gait, and thick Skull'd Aldermen arise.
 The Comick Tone, inspir'd by F—r, draws
 At ev'ry Word, loud Laughter and Applause.
 The Mincing Dame continues as before,
 Her Character's unchang'd, and acts a Whore.

Above the rest, the Prince with mighty stalks,
 Magnificent in Purple Buskins walk;
 The Royal Robes his haughty Shoulders grace;
 Profuse of Spangles and of Copper Lace.
 Officious Rascals to his mighty Thigh,
 Guiltless of Blood, th' unpointed Weapon tie.
 Then the gay glitt'ring Diadem put on,
 Pondrous with Brass, and Starr'd with Bristol Stone
 His Royal Consort next Consults her Place,
 And out of Twenty Boxes calls her Pace:
 The Whit'ning first her Ghastly Looks besmears,
 All pale and wan, the unfinished Form appears;

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ill on her Cheeks the blushing Purple glows,
and a false Virgin Modestly bestows.
er ruddy Lips the deep Vermillion dyes,
length to her B.ows the Pencil touch supplies,
and with black bending Arches shades her Eyes.
ell pleas'd, at length the Picture she beholds,
and spots it over with artificial Molds.
er Countenance complear, the B. aus she warms,
With Looks, not hers, and spire of Nature, charms.
Thus artfully their Persons they disguise,
ill Faddlers flourish bids the Curtain rise;
he Prince then enters on the Stage in State,
behind a Guard of Candle-Snuffers wait;
here swoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,
he shakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verse;
his Subjects tremble; and th' submissive Pit
Wrapt up in Silence, and Attention sit,
ill freed at length, he lays aside the Weight
of publick Business, and Affairs of State:
orget his Pomp, dead to ambitious Fires,
and to some peaceful Brandy-Shop retires,
Where in full Gills his anxious Thoughts he drowns,
and quaffs away the Care that waits on Crowns.
The Princess next her painted Charms displays,
Where every Look the Pencil's Art betrays:
he callow Squire at a Distance feeds his Eyes,
and silently for Paint and Patches dies.
ut should the Youth behind the Scenes Retreat,
he sees the blended Colours melt with Heat,
and all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat:
the borrow'd Visage he admires no more,
and nauseates every Charm he lov'd before.
o the same Spear for double Force renown'd,
apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.
In tedious Lists, 'twere endless to engage,
and draw at length the Rabble of the Stage;

Where

Where one for twenty Years has given Alarm
 And call'd contending Monarchs to their Arms
 Another fills a more important Post,
 And rises every other Night a Ghost ;
 Thro' the cleft Stage his meagre Face he rears,
 Then stalks along, Groans thrice, and disappears
 Others with Swords & Shields, the Souldiers Pride
 More than a thousand times have chang'd their side
 And in a thousand fatal Battles dy'd

Thus several Persons several Parts perform,
 Pale Lovers whine, and blust'ring Heroes storm,
 The stern exasperated Tyrants Rage,
 'Till the kind Bowl of Poison clears the Stage,
 Then Honours vanish, and Distinctions cease
 And with Reluctance haughty Queens undress
 Heroes no more their fading Lawrels boast,
 And mighty Kings in private Men are lost :
 He whom such Titles swell'd, such Power made proud
 To whom all Realms and vanquish'd Nations bow
 Throws off the gawdy Plumes, the Purple Train
 And is in *Statu quo* himself again.

A Prologue : Spoken by Mr. P----n, suppos'd
 to be press'd and haul'd in before the Curtain by
 a couple of Press-Constables.

WELL, Master Constable, I must you say
 Go kill French Cowards for a Groat a Day
 But why such rugged Violence as this ?
 D'ye break Mens Noddles to preserve the Peace
 Truly, rough Sirs, I cannot think 'tis fair,
 To turn Pacifick Staves to Clubs of War :
 'Tis truly, you've made me by Experience know
 Power, when provok'd, can give a deadly Blow,
 I'm press'd, you say, but I believe oppress'd,
 Yet Wrongs, like these, are hard to be redress'd ;
 And the first speedy End proves always best.

the readiest way's to bribe off my Restraint,
Gentlemen, I know what it is you want.

The Constables take the Money and go off.

Your Servant, Sirs, by this the World may see
How scoundrel Knaves abuse Authority,
How into Power from Garrets, Bulks, and Stalls,
How wanc'd to Staves from Thimbles and from Auls;
How from vamping Shoes, and mending knitty Jackets,
How to cheat the Crown, and pick the Subjects Pockets.
How the Weak they haul to Arms because they're poor,
How to sit by Nature for the Toils of War.

How to quit for Bribes the Hardy and the Strong,
How to protect themselves and do their Betters wrong:
How to surprize the Fearful, squeeze them 'till they bleed,
How and when their Palms are daub'd, the Vagrants freed
How whilst more industrious Men supply their Room,
How who Hands would prove more useful here at home,
How how by ill Usage many Feuds create,
How how oppress the People, and deceive the State:

How for my part, I am unskill'd in Jars,
How and hate the Tragick Scenes of bloody Wars:
How you Gentlemen who wait to see our play,
How I know my Talent lies another Way.
How make a Soldier for the Queen, adhear't,
How the Clap of Train-Band Thunder make me start.

How I fain be reconcil'd to Death, but can't
How the very Thoughts of Fighting makes me faint,
How not but I know it is of great Renown,
How to serve our Native Country, or the Crown:

How besides, with Rural Damsels, I confess,
How a scarlet Coat is a most glorious Dress.

How the very Colour dazles Female Eyes,
How and takes the Heart, unguarded, by Surprise;

How you, who with Honour wear it, often find
How it makes the bashful Country Maid prove kind:

F

Who

Who could perhaps before resist Loves Pow'r,
 And keep her Heart in all Attacks secure;
 Laugh at her Lover's sighs, despise his Tears,
 But *Venus* must submit, when *Mars* appears.

Faith, now I think on't, I can tell you how
 The State might quickly raise brave Men enough
 Would they but find some gentle means to press
 Those charming Ladies, who our Audience grace
 Shou'd such bright Stars in the next Campaign
 appear,

You generous Gentlemen assembled here,
 Would need no Press, but all run Volunteer.

Such beauteous Troops new Wonders would do

And vanquish with their Charms beyond the
 You only (Ladies) so Divinely bright. (swore
 Who wound with Mercy, conquer with Delight
 Can the vast Glories won at Hockstedt blast,
 More Captives take, subdue with greater haste,
 And with your Eyes gain mightier Vict'ries than
 [our last.

Enjoyment the End of Love.

NO, no, 'tis not Love; you may talk till Dooms
 If you tell me it's more than meer Satisfaction
 I'll never believe a tittle you say,

Tho' Baxter and Oats were the Heads of you
 [Faction

The Poets were therefore a number of Owls
 To make such a stir with a Baby-fac'd God;
 'Tis only Priapus that scares the wild Fowls,
 That rules with a far more Scepter-like Rod.
 'Tis true, he may sometimes be shrewdly put to't
 But the Bow and the Arrows are surely his due
 Only thus, when his Arrows are ready to shoot,
 They make the more pleasing Wound of the two
 'T'W

Was he that was the Father of all the Graces,
 Or he's the beginning and end of our Woing;
 Your smiles, and your glances, and wanton grimaces,
 They all do but end in handling and doing,
 When a Man to a Woman comes creeping and
 (cringing,
 And spends his Raptures on her Nose & her Eyes,
 As Priapus inspires the talkative Engine,
 And all for the sake of her Lilly-white thighs:
 Hence they that in Faces find Coral and Rubies,
 Pearl, Diamonds, & Gold more bright than the Sun,
 Withstanding all this, these Poetical Boobies,
 Despise all that Pleasure if further she's as none.
 Your Oaths, Protestations and Vows to the Dame,
 Ask Solan, Lycurgus, both Learned and smart;
 They'll tell you the Place from whence they all came
 Half a Yard almost below the Heart
 There's nothing but Vertue the Object of Love,
 Not Beauty, nor Colour, Love minds in the least,
 They're only the Objects of Pleasure, by Jove;
 Where the Altars Desire, Priapus High-Priest.
 Now, if she be Rich, 'tis the Portion you'd have;
 A Coach and fine Cloaths her Love to encourage?
 Alas, if either do either deceive,
 We presently cool like a Mess of Pease-Porridge.
 Even if this be be your Love, the Devil take Love,
 When self-satisfaction is all the Design;
 Let me Love that which all Men approve.
 An Angel in Purse and a Glass of good Wine.
The poor Layman's Resolution in difficult Times.
 All in amaze at what is past, I stood (good,
 Doubting within my self, what's bad, what's
 priz'd at this so strange and sudden turn,
 Which such Numbers Joy'd, so few did mourn:
 Where am I now? thought I; what have I past
 Long in Truth's plain Path, and now at last,

After a Race of Fifty Years and more,
Doubt that same truth that good Men own'd before
Away, away, —————

That Lawful Kings God's own anointed are,
And have from him those Royal Crowns they wear
From him their scepter, and from him their sword
Are truths dispers'd throughout the sacred Word
That calls them Gods, and bids us them obey,
And all due Rev'rence to their Persons pay.
That bids us not Resist, and if we do,
Declares we break those Laws we should pursue
If Kings Command what's ill, we must in show
Not do't, because 'tis ill, but suffer for't,

Now tell me, learned Guides, if this ben't true
And if it be, what will become of you;
Your Reverend Clergy, who hath heretofore
With these same Doctrines made your Pulpits roar
And boldly to the World in Print made known
That 'tis the Scripture's Sense, as 'twas your own
Your own, 'till that surprizing turn of State
Happen'd so much to England's Joy of late.
Your own, 'till that new Trial came, and then,
Tho' call'd Divines, you shew'd your selves but

When you like Truth's bold Champions thought
[have stood]

And to the last those sacred Truths pursued,
How tamely you the Holy Cause forsook,
And taught new Doctrines from the self same Book
Good God! What Fears, what thirst of Wealth

Even among such Holy Men as you?

Poor me! What shall I do? What shall I say
Where shall I go, when these our Guides the

[I say]

But Liber

Heaven be prais'd, they are not tainted all,
 me yet remain that have not bow'd to Baal,
 those Praises for a Muse more lofty call.
 let them stray that will, I'll keep the Road,
 and tread the Steps our late Fore-fathers trod;
 I fear my God, honour my Queen or King,
 and meddle not with those that Changes bring.
 I'd on a Rock, I'm sure I firmly stand,
 'till Storms now rage by Sea, or War by Land.
 ere then I'll fix. here shall my Centre be,
 and let the World turn which way 'twill for me,
 and keep me, for I wholly trust in thee.

*the melting down the Plate; Or, The Silver
 Piss-Pots Farewel.*

Aids need no more their silver Piss-pots scour,
 They now must jog, like Traytors, to the Tower.
 quick Dispatch, no sooner are they come,
 at every Vessel there receives its Doom;
 condemn'd by Law to take this fiery Trial,
 Sentence that admits of no Denial.
 presumptuous Piss-Pot, how didst thou offend?
 compelling Female to their Haunches bend.
 O Kings and Queens we humbly bow the Knee,
 but Queens themselves are forc'd to bend to thee.
 the Maids cringe and with a straining Face,
 they ease their Grievs by opening their Case:
 Times of Need, they do thy Help implore,
 and oft to ease their Ailments make thee roar.
 under their Beds, till now, thou'st been conceal'd,
 and ne'er, but on Necessity, reveal'd.
 When over charg'd, and in Extremity,
 their dearest Secrets they disclose to thee.
 long, like a Prisoner, hast thou been confin'd,
 but Liberty for thee is now design'd.

Thou, whom so many Beauties have enjoy'd,
 Now, in another Use must be employ'd:
 Be handed, with Delight, about, each Day,
 And occupy'd a far more decent VVay.
 But crafty VVorkmen must thee first refine,
 And purge thee from the Sodder and the Brine.
 VVhen thou'rt transform'd into another Shape,
 'Twill make the VVorld rejoyce at thy Escape.
 VVho from the Mint in 'Triumph shall be sent
 New coin'd and mill'd to every Hearts Content.
 VVelcome to all, then proud of thy new VVamp,
 Bearing the Passport of the Royal Stamp.
 You'll pass as current, pleasant, and as free,
 As that which has so oft pass'd into thee.

The Piss-Pot Coin'd.

SINCE Piss-Pot, I to Coin am run,
 I shall no more be piss'd upon;
 For he is of Republick Race,
 That dare to piss in Monarch's Face.
 And on the other side, 'tis worse,
 The sacred Cross is my Reverse!
 The Jacobite can't do me VVrong,
 He han't a Cross to piss upon.
 And if these Times continue still,
 The L---d above knows when he will.

A Satyr against Brandy.

FAREWEL damn'd Stygian Juice, that doth bewitch
 From the Court-Bawd, down to the Common

(Bite)

Thou liquid Flame, by which each fiery Face
 Lives without Meat, and blushes without Grace
 Sink to thy Native Hell. to mend the Fire;
 Or, if it please thee to ascend yet higher,
 Go to that dull lewd Clime from whence you came
 VVhere VVit and Courage do require your Flame

VVhe

Where they Carouse in your Vesuvian Bowls,
To dry the Quagmire of their spongy Souls,
Had Dives for this scorching Liquor cry'd,
Abraham in Mercy had his Suit deny'd.
Had Bonner known the Force, the Martyrs Blood
Had sif in thee, and sav'd the Nation's VVood,
Flence of Embers, Scum of melting Flint,
VVith all their Nature Sparkles floating in't.
Are the black Chymist with his Cloven Foot,
All Ætna's Simples in one Limbeck put,
And double still'd, nay qu'ntesenc'd thy Juice,
To Charcoal Mortals, for his future Use.
Fire-Ship of Nature, that doth doubly wound,
For they that grappel thee, are burnt and drown'd:
God's past and future Anger breaths in you
A Deluge, and a Conflagration too.
View yonder Sot, I don't mean Sheriff Shute,
Grissled all over by thee from Head to Foot;
His greasy Eye-lids shor'd above their Pitch;
His Face with Carbuncles and Rubies rich;
His Skull, instead of Brains, supply'd with Cinder;
His Nose turns all his Handkerchiefs to Tinder;
His Stomach don't concoct, but b ke his Food;
His Liver ever vitrifies his Blood;
His Guts from Nature's Drudgery is freed,
And in his Bowels Salamanders breed.
His trembling Hand scarce heaves his Liquor in,
His Nerves all crackle under his Parchment Skin.
The moving Glass-house lightens with his Eyes,
Singes his Cloaths, and all his Marrow fries;
Glows for a while, and then in Ashes dies }
But stay, lest I the Saints dire Anger merit,
By striking their Auxiliary Spirit;
I am inform'd, whate'er we VVicked think,
Thou'rt reform'd, and turn'd a godly Drink;

Thou'st left thy old bad Company of Vermin,
 The swearing Chairmen, and the drunken Carmen
 The foul mouth'd Drivers of the Hackney Coaches
 And now tak'st up with sage, discreet Debauchees.
 Thou freely drop'st upon Gold Chains and Fur,
 And Sots of Quality thy Minions are ;
 No more shalt thou foment an Ale-house Brawl,
 But the less Sober Riots of Guild-Hall ;
 Where by the Spirits fallible Direction,
 We Reprobates once poll'd at an Election.
 If this Trade hold, What shall we Wicked do?
 The Saint Sequester, even our Vices too.
 But since the Art of Whoring's grown precise,
 And Perjury has got demurer Eyes :
 'Tis Time, high Time to circumcise the Jill,
 And not let Brandy be Philistine still.

On a Bowl of Punch. A Poem by Captain Ratcliff.

THE Gods and the Goddesses lately did feast,
 Where Ambrosia with exquisite Sauces was dress'd,
 The Eatibles did with their Qualities suit,
 But what they should drink did occasion Dispute:
 'Twas Time that old Nectar should grow out of
 (Fashion,
 For that they drank long before the Creation.

When the Sky-colour'd Cloth was remov'd from
 (the Board,
 For the Christaline Bowl, great Jove gave the Word,
 This Bowl was of large, and most heavenly size,
 In which they did use Infant Gods to baptize.

Quoth Jove, We're informed they drink Punch
 (upon Earth,
 By which mortal Wights quite out do us in Mirth:
 Therefore our wise Godheads together let's lay,
 And endeavour to make it much stronger than they,
 'Twas spoke like a God, - - Fill the Bowl to the top,
 He's cashier'd from the Sky, that shall leave but a
 (Drop. Apollo

Apollo dispatched one of his Lasses,
Pitcher to fill at the VVeil of Parnassus;
To Poets new born, this Liquor is brought,
And this they suck in for their first Morning's
(draught.

Juno for Lemons sent into her Closet,
Which when she was Sick she infus'd into Posset:
For Goldesses may be as squeamish as Gipsies,
The Sun and the Moon we find have their Eclipses;
These Lemmons were called the Hesperian Fruit,
When Vigilant Dragon was set to look to't
Three Dozen of those were well squeez'd into Water,
The rest o'th' Ingredients in order come after.

Venus, the Admirer of Things that are sweet
Without whose Infusion there had been no Treat,
Commanded her Sugar-Loaves, white as her Doves,
Supported to the Table by a Pair of young Loves.
So wonderful Curious these Deities were,
The Sugar they strain'd thro' a Sieve of fine Hair.

Bacchus gave Notice by dangling his Bunch,
Without his Assistance there could be no Punch;
What he meant by the Signal, was very well known,
So they threw in two Gallons of trusty Langoon.
Mars a blunt God, tho' the Chief of the Biskers,
Was seated at Table, still twirling his VVhiskers;
Quoth he, Fellow Gods, and Cœlestial Gallants,
I'd not give a Fart for your Punch without Nants.
Therefore my Boy, Ganymede, I do command ye,
To throw in at least two Gallons of Brandy.

Saturn of all the Gods, who was oldest,
And we may imagine his Stomach was Coldest;
He out of his Pouch did three Nutmegs produce.
Which when they were grated, were put to the Juice.

Neptune this Ocean of Liquor did Crown,
With a Sea-Basket bak'd very hard in the Sun.

The Bowl being finish'd, a Health was began.
 Quoth Jove, Let it be to our Creature, call'd Man
 'Tis to him alone that these Pleasures we owe,
 For Heaven was never true Heaven till now.

*Written by a French Protestant, upon the Trophies
 Marching thro' the City.*

'TIS a very fine Sight, I my self will allow
 And am heartily glad I'm alive here to view
 But what are become of those brave Men of Might
 Who supported these Standards and Colours in Fight
 Why, truly, say you, they are most to be found,
 Gone to sleep on the cold Bed of Honour, the Ground
 E'en there let 'em lie undisturb'd in their Slumber
 I am very well pleas'd I am none of their Number
 'Tis true, for their King and their Countrymens good
 Their Colours we see they have stain'd with the Blood

Yet I am not vex'd there is none of mine there,
 'Cause I never could find I had any to spare.
 To part with my Blood, is to part with my Life,
 I had rather by half lose my Children and Wife
 For he's the most prudent who always takes Pains
 To preserve it within its own Channels, the Veins
 That old English Proverb I wisely rely on,
 'A living Dog's better than any dead Lyon.
 For when a Man's kill'd, to his Country he's Lost,
 And signifies then not so much as a Post;
 Then who that has Brains would appear such a Sot,
 As to have them knock'd out for he does not know

'Tis true, when we're gone, it perhaps may be said
 We were brave, but that's nothing to him that is Dead

bleſs my good Stars I am poſted ſo ſafe,
 hat whiſt all Countries Fight, I can Work on and
 (Laugh.
 om the Tyrant of France we remain here ſecure,
 nd England won't truſt us in Arms to be ſure.
 herefore I in quiet can reſt in my Bed,
 hiliſt the Subjects of France do in Numbers lie }
 (Dead,
 nd the Engliſh are haul'd to be knock'd on the }
 (Head.

Upon a Mercenary Lawyer. A Poem.

A Cunning Lawyer that hath Wit at Will,
 Can make a bad Cauſe good and a good one ill,
 he Golden Fee alone is his Delight,
 tis that which tempts him to oppoſe the Right;
 nd with Learn'd Arguments the Wrong Embrace,
 o give an Unjuſt Cauſe a Righteous Face.
 uſtice he baffles by his powerful Senſe,
 nd gains upon the Bench by Eloquence.
 onfounds the Court by ſome Myſterious Querk,
 nd leaves both Judge and Jury in the Dark,
 uſtice he ſtammers, and can prove by Law }
 That undisputed Right that has no Flaw,
 Without Poſſeſſion, is not worth a Straw. }
 As Times do change, ſo alſo do our Laws,
 nd what was Good, may prove an Unjuſt Cauſe.

For Inſtance.

Should ſome bold Rebel over-turn the State,
 To raiſe himſelf into the Royal Seat;
 And Treason proſper, as in Cromwell's Caſe,
 All things in Courſe ſhould have another Face.
 Should Hobb's Principles of Power and Might
 Be allow'd a ſtanding Rule for Legal Right,
 Then Law and Goſpel we may bid Good Night.

When

VWhen Nature is revers'd, and in a Word,
All Truths are measur'd by the longest Sword,
Jnre Divino is not worth a T——d.

Cook's Charging Charles the First with Tray

[c'rous Crimes

Was in Compliance to those Pious Times.

'Twas for my Fee, said he, why try'd for Treason

That made me plead against both Law and Reason

He only as a Council in the Cause,

Did for his Client strive to strain the Laws.

Tho' Prince and People of three Kingdoms bleed,

What is't to us how Matters do succeed;

Gold is our God, and for our God we plead.

Great is Diana, Chaste and all Divine,

Demetrius cry'd, that made the Golden Shrine,

By that he got his Wealth, and it is plain,

These Gods are most ador'd that bring most Gain.

Wealth's the World's Idol, to it all Men bow,

And if we gain it, 'tis no matter how.

Should an Act pass to Cancel all our Creed,

What Sable Crowds for such a Law would plead,

Provided in the Case we were well Feed.

For Right and Wrong are always understood,

To be, or not to be for Publick Good;

He never yet was Wrong that did prevail,

And none was ever right, that charc'd to fail.

For 'tis a Rule in Law, That Power and Might,

Are ever the best Judge of Wrong and Right;

For they can crush Mankind into Obedience,

And quite transfer our Faith and true Allegiance.

The Priest Tyth Pig, with what we call a Fee,

Is much the same, so they as well as we,

With this Eternal Maxim do agree.

When Kings and Things are chang'd by Provi-

[dence,

Now Law is binding in the Scripture Sense,

But Subjects may with Sacred Oaths dispense.

So say

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So says a Casuistical Divine,
And in that Issue by Consent we joyn;
Let who will get or lose, so we are paid,
For both Professions are become a Trade.
And him we follow most, and most believe,
That has the greatest Cunning to deceive.
Therefore since Lawyers plead, and Parsons cant, !
On any side that best supplies their Want.
I'll have the Greedy World think wisely of it,
And always hug the Cause that brings Profit.

Epigrams and Whims.

A Prophecie. Written by a certain Knight.

W Hen Tukesbury Mustard shall Travel Abroad,
And die in a Land without Magpye or Toad;
And the Sauce of the Veal, joining three to a Lyon,
Shall devour a Fish, the Pag-nag of Arion.
The Lillies shall try to Swim over the Ferry,
Where they shall be met with, and drown'd by a
[Cherry.
The Children of Prance, with Famine Opprest,
Will rejoyce at a Crust as a Man at a Feast.

The Answer. Suppos'd to be Writ by Mr. D—n.

W Hen the last of all Knights is the first of all
[Knaves,
And the best of all Pimps is the worst of all Braves;
When a Coward is Dubb'd for not Fighting, but
[Feeding;
And a Lubberly Brute is preferr'd for his Breeding;
When a Medal and a Chain is bestow'd on a Hog,
Who deserves more a Rope then ever did Dog;
When Prophecies are Coin'd by a drunken Buffoon,
Whose chief Talent lies in a harmless Lampoon;
V When

When a black Rod is given to a bold brazen Face,
 What a Beast may not hope at White-Hall for a
 (Place?)

Then England beware of the Conduct of France,
 Lest her Dauphin should lead the Lyon a dance :
 And her Children shall laugh that her Breast is so
 (full,

Whilst thy proud Navy-Royal lies sucking a Bull.

On Captain P ——— r's Evidence.

When Heaven to show us Mercy was inclin'd,
 Judas betray'd the Saviour of Mankind.

So P ——— r, by a pious Treachery,
 Preserv'd his King, and set his Country free :
 Both did but in a different Shape, Trapan,
 One hang'd his Master, th' other hang'd his Man :
 If for his Fact P ——— r's so highly priz'd,
 In faith we'll have Iscariot canoniz'd.

A Lover to his Fat Mistress without Stays.

Pray charming Silvia, do not think you raise
 My modest Passion by your want of Stays;
 I do not for your dangling Breasts adore ye,
 That hang like new-milk'd Udders down before ye:
 Or do I in those flabby Sides take pride,
 That do your Aprong-firings in Wallups hide.
 You look like one from Vertues Bonds just freed,
 Whose Dress declares you little Courtship need;
 If so, at one Request, your Favours grant,
 And please your self with what you seem to want.
 But if you think my jealous Eyes to please,
 And would be gently Conquer'd by degrees,
 Raise my Esteem, and make me speak your praise,
 Pray hide the Slit, and hasten on your Stays.

The Town Lady to her Young Admirer.

A Way young Fool, give all thy Flatt'ries o'er,
 I'm neither Saint, or Angel, but a Whore;
 If thou'rt in Love and wounded art by me,
 I'll prove thy kind Physician for a Fee.

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If thou hast any fond Desire to do't:
Be generous at once, and let's go to't : (Hearts ;
Fine Words and Complements ne'er reach our
VVe're seldom wounded, but with golden Darts.
No Cupid's Arrows can our Breasts annoy,
His Mother guards us from the foolish Boy :
Money's alone the God that makes us kind,
For that we give up all you Men can find,
For Gold we shew you all Love's pleasing crotchets,
But shut your Legs to those that close their Pockets.

Against Honesty. By the late Lord R——r.

NAY Honesty's against all Common Sense,
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence.
Nor shall weak Truth thy Reputation save,
The Knaves will all conspire to call thee Knave.
Wrong'd thou shalt live, still injur'd and oppress'd,
Who durst be a less Villain than the rest.

*The Curse of a Young Lady compell'd by her Parents
to Marry an Old Man.*

DAMN'd may she be, nay, double Damn'd that first
For Int'rest wedded Age, may she be curst.
With all the Plagues a Woman's Rage can vent,
And when we curse I'm sure they are well meant;
May she be Lewd to excess, proud, but yet poor,
And none supply her Lust when she turns VVhore.
Then may she pine to Death for her ill Luck,
'Cause Age her cannot, Youth her will not —

*Spoke by a Servant Maid in the Church, doing Pen-
nance for Defaming her Mistress.*

HERE do I stand according to Law,
Compell'd to deny what mine own Eyes saw,
His Breeches were down, her Belly was bare,
If he did nothing, what did he do there ?

(Villeroy's

Villeroy's Mishap. To the Ladies.

BY Villeroy's Mishap learn to be wise,
 Ne'er think your self secure from Night's
 Tho' from Ramparts you do defie the Foe,
 Eugene will find an Aquaduct below.

*[Surprize:]**Out of Ovid.*

DOnec eris felix multos numerabis Amicos,
 Tempora si fuerint Nubila, solus eris.

English'd by the same Hand.

WHile Fortune keeps thee warm,
 Thy Friends about thee'll swarm,
 Like Flies about a Honey Pot;
 But if on thee she Frown,
 And cast thee down,
 Lie there and Rot.

In Æliam. Mart. Ep.

SI nemini fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia dentes,
 Expuit una duos trussis, & una duos;
 Nunc secura potes totis tussire Diebus,
 Nil istic quod agat tertia tussis habet.

Thus English'd by T. B.

WHEN Gammer Gutton first I knew,
 Four Teeth in all she reckon'd;
 A Cough unlucky whips out two,
 And t'other two a second:
 Courage, Old Dame, and never fear,
 For if the third Cough comes,
 Give me butt'other Jug of Beer,
 And I'll secure thy Gums.

*The Seaman's Love-Letter from Plimouth, to his
 Mistress in VVapping.*

Dear Madam,

MY long Consideration
 Of the great Reputation

You

You have in this Nation.
For your good Education,
Which moves Admiration,
With another Qualification,
Which has kindled Loves Passion,
In some of high Station,
Gives me Invitation,
And a strong Inclination,
Upon my Salvation,
To become your Relation,
That by honest Frication,
I mean Copulation,
Without Fornication,
May give you Demonstration
Of the great Estimation.
I have for the Occupation
Of your place of Titulation.
So I give Intimation,
That I'm making Preparation,
By a speedy Navigation,
To remove my Habitation
To a nearer Scituation,
To pay you Adoration,
For the sake of Conversation;
And if this my Declaration,
By your kind Acceptation,
Should find Approbation,
It will impose an Obligation,
Without Dissimulation,
From Generation to Generation:
So hoping for Consolation
Upon the Consummation
Of the Work of Generation,
I am yours by Protestation,

John Jenkins,

A Piece of Country Woman's Poetry, spoke Extremepore, in her chawening a Shoulder of Mutton, one Bennet, a Butcher, who, asking her an extravagant Price, she made the following Reply.

INdeed Goodman Bennet, on this Day Sennight,

I bought a Shoulder of Mutton,

Of Goodman Brown of our Town,

No better could Knife be put in :

I wish I may never stir from hence,

If I am about to tell you a Lye,

It cost me no more than Fourteen-Pence ;

My Son can be Witness, for he was by.

May G---d forgive, if I think amiss,

'Twas every whit as good as this.

You'll pay for your Peeping.

HER Eyes, like Diamonds, without a Flaw,
Black, shining, sparkling, such as mine ne'er saw

Flee, gazing Lovers, from the Danger flee,

They strike, they wound, they murder all they see.

No Magazine was e'er so full of Darts,

Enough to piece a Thousand Thousand Hearts.

The Admiration ceas'd.

WHen I was young, and Passion bore the Sway,

And forc'd my weaker Reason to obey,

I fancy'd Joys which never could be found,

But on *Parnassus* Hills, the Poet's Ground ;

Woman appear'd to me all o'er Divine,

And did with more than mortal Beauty shine ;

Push'd on by Love, that youthful Vanity,

I the Adorer was, the Goddess she.

But Time, that withers every charming Grace,

And gives to all things a declining Face,

Has at last worn out the Idolatry,

Ungoddes's'd her, and unbesotted me.

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To one who desir'd to Borrow a Horse.

RIGHT Worshipful Frank,
I humbly thee thank
For thy Kindness received of late ;
Ingratitude sure,
I cannot endure,
'Tis a Vice that I utterly hate ;
I hear you provide,
A Journey to ride,
If any would lend you a Gennet ;
I protest before G——d,
Mine are all gone abroad,
And wont be at Home this Sen'night.
But yet my kind Frances,
If that it so chances,
A Gennet you needs must hire,
If your Business be hasty,
I'll lend you my Mastty,
To carry you out of the Mire.
He's a dainty fine Cur,
You need not him spur.
If you his Condition but knew :
For he'll Prance and he'll Gape
When he carries my Ape,
Much more when he carries you.

On a Merry Lass.

Susan's a mettlesome Jade, all Air and Fire,
As merry as a Man can well desire :
She takes delight to laugh, play, dance or sing,
Will kiss, hug, promise, nay, do any thing.
To any Game at Cards she'll not say nay,
But laugh and lye down, is her common Play,
At Draughts or Tables she'll engage with any,
Only she's apt to bear a Man too many.

At Bowls she beats all Gamesters Young and Old,
 Provided always they the Rubbers hold,
 And though they still play on, she'll change their
 (Gold.)

The Kissing Lover.

Kisses six Hundred, sweet ones too, do'st hear?
 Chloe, six Hundred give thy only Dear;
 Not such as Fathers from their Daughters have,
 Nor such as Brothers from their Sisters crave;
 But such as kinder Wives their Husbands lend,
 Or the fond Maid does give her dearest Friend.
 Long Kisses I love best; the short retire
 Too soon, are but just tasted and expire;
 Nice Lips are not much better than a Mute,
 And lifeless Marble Statue to Salute;
 I love, sweet Chloe, to restrain thy Tongue,
 And 'twixt my moister Lips detain it long;
 Then sucking, pinch it with a mighty Bite,
 And, like two Doves, begin a pleasing Fight.
 Struggle, yet still Kiss on, renew our Joys,
 And as we bill, express a murmur'ing Noise.
 Kisses, like these, may sweet as Nectar prove,
 Or bless'd Ambrosia, which the Gods so love.
 If you'll Kiss that, and let my Hand beside
 Into your softer Bosom slide;
 There stroke your Breasts, I shall not care one Jot,
 For all the kind Allurements you have got,
 Beneath that modest Veil the Petticoat.

A Curse upon the London Vintners.

Since they the noble Juice abuse,
 As we have Cause to think it,
 May all true Topers Wine refuse,
 And none but Rabble drink it.
 Thus may they Slaves to Slaves become,
 Till they're despis'd among us;

And

And smell no sweeter Air at Home,
Than Smoke of damn'd Mundungus.
May they be curb'd, and live in awe,
Of Porters and of Carmen;
And drink no Wine but what they draw
Of such Mis-judging Vermin.
As they deserve, grant mighty Jove,
That this may be their Sentence;
May Stum their ling'ring Poison prove,
And bring them to Repentance.

Advice to a Jealous Husband.

POOR Jealous Fool to, thus, thy Wife, confine,
And make her by her self in private pine:
What tho' she's Buxom, Beautiful, and Young,
Her Inclinations Vigorous and Strong;
Because she's Handsome, must she therefore be
A wretched Pris'ner, and a Slave to thee?
Must she from Church Devotion be restrain'd?
And must her Friendly Visits be refrain'd?
Must none admittance to her Presence have,
But Sage old Kinsman, Neighbours to the Grave?
Must she to none declare her Captive State,
But servile Spies must at her Elbow wait?
Must all her Youthful Charms be thus confin'd,
And th' injur'd Wretch not dare to speak her Mind?
Fye, fye, thou'rt but a greater Slave than she,
Chain'd to the Horn, by thy own Jealousie:
Tho' thy VVife's Chaste, & ne'er so free from Faults,
Thou'rt still an odious Cuckold in thy Thoughts.
Fancy, without her Aid, Cornutes thy Brows,
And to Revenge the Woman's Wrongs bestows
The very self same Torments, Plagues and Stings,
A lustful Harlot on her Husband brings:
Then vex not her, nor tease thy self, we see
The watchful Dragon could not Guard the Tree;
But

But let thy Thoughts and her be unconfin'd,
 And both enjoy the Freedom of the Mind:
 For 'tis not all the Wit and Care thou hast,
 But her own Prudence that must keep her Chaste,
 Vertue's the Center that must Guard the Door,
 And if that fails, she'll surely be a Whore.

Upon Criticks.

CRiticks their Love to antient Authors Wed,
 And hate all Modern Poets 'till they're Dead;
 Instead of Meriting, they envy Praise,
 And flog with Birch, all those that aim at Bays,
 Wit they have seldom, very often none,
 And cannot do, but Carp at what is done:
 Their musty Rules, so obsolete and old,
 Must be the Touch-stone of our Modern Gold.
 Pardon me, Sirs, I cannot think it fit,
 The Latin Fools should Judge of English Wit.

The Spendtkrift.

LOOK yonder, but behold the wretched State
 Of the gay Fool that swagger'd so of late.
 Who was too Rich, too Proud, too Great, too Good,
 To be Advis'd, Disputed, or Withstood:
 See how his Garb, which but the other day
 Was so profusely fine, so vainly gay,
 Is into shameful Rends and Tatters torn,
 And he himself become a publick Scorn:
 In him we may behold th' unhappy Fate,
 Of those made Rich too soon, and Wise too late.

The Sots.

COME, prithee, honest Jack, fill t'other Pipe,
 Let us not part, when just our Wits are ripe;
 'Tis much too early to retire to Bed,
 Here, Drawer, fill us t'other Quart of Red:

Home,

ome's but a Melancholly House of Care,
ildren and Wives our Disturbers are.
ome fill the Glass, at nothing now repine,
e're only happy when we're o'er our Wine.
leep's but the Lifeless Image of pale Death;
hen let us fill and drink whilst we have Breath.
ome, pull away. 'twill make us brisk and brave,
here's no such charming Liquor in the Grave.

The G O S S I P S.

Good Neighbour how d'ye do? And do again?
 I think I have not seen you God knows when;
 Your Husband's gone Abroad to Day,
 I look'd in, but really cannot stay;
 I see in what a Pickle I am come;
 Upon my Life I left no Soul at Home.
 Pray Neighbour, now you're here, sit down a
 [while,
 I'll tell you something that will make you smile;
 I vow you startle me to hear you speak,
 I have not seen you I believe this Week;
 Ever since we drank Geneva you know where;
 When Merry Mr. — you know who was there.
 I ord how these cunning Children stare and leer!
 They can say nothing but the Brats must hear,
 I say you to School, go Sirrah, how you stand:
 And take your Sister with you by the Hand.
 Come, pray sit down, don't want so much in-
 [treating,
 Are you for Drinking, Neighbour, or for Eating?
 You'll always make one stay, the Duce is in ye.
 Well, since I'm thus drop'd in, I'll spend my penny:
 Tho' when I first step'd in, I vow and swear,
 I did not think to stay a Minute here:
 But since there's none but your own self at home,
 I'm glad I did so opportunely come.

Prithce,

Prithee, let's Smoke one merry Whiff and then
I'll march my way,--The Lord above knows whe

*From a Captain in the English Army, to a Captain
in the Irish Army*

Kings, just like God's, Punish as you deserve
They Punish, by permitting us to Starve
The Answer.

Should Kings, like Gods, Punish as you deserve
You'd all be hang'd, and not have time to starve
The various Humours of Mankind.

Give me a charming Lass *Twangdillo* cries,
I know no Happiness, but Love's sweet Joy
Give me the Bottle, says the red-fac'd Sor,
Damn Whore's. I'd not give Three-pence for a T
For Flights and Similies the Poet raves :
The Learn'd Philosopher true Knowledge craves
The Priest for a good Benefice lays wait :
The proud Man covets to be Rich and Great :
The Lover Courts to gain the Cloven Spot,
And Nice Sir Courtly wants he knows not what
The Soldier loves to Conquer when he fights,
And in the plunder of the Town delights.
The lustful Matron seeks for a Gallant.
The Ripe Young Virgin does a Husband want
But I, Poor I, want every Thing by Turns,
Except a Scolding Wife and Cuckold's Horns.

*A COPY of the Association from Topsham.
We your Majesty's Rightful and Lawful Subjects*

Our Loyal Conversation,
Within this Corporation,
Do make Protestation,
Of our great Inclination
To enter into Association
Without Equivocation.

mental Reservation ;
 the happy Preservation
 your Majesty's Royal Station,
 the good Church and Nation,
 om Transubstantiation
 the Cursed Perturbation,
 the Jacobites Combination,
 work our Desolation
 a horrid Assassination,
 and a French Invasion,
 thereof we of Royal Perswasion,
 without superstitious Innovation,
 pray for the Extirpation
 every Hellish Machination ;
 and firmly hope for Conversation
 om all Romish Tribulation,
 with perpetual Toleration,
 Unanimous Declaration,
 and Solemn Attestation,
 ave your Royal Approbation,
 and Gracious Acceptation,
 which will be an Obligation,
 om Generation to Generation,
 on your Faithful Congregation.

The Taylors Receipt to the Mercer.

EVER since Cain slew Abel,
 Or the Building of Babel,
 do hereby at large
 ost freely dischrge
 erman the Mercer,
 his Man the lesser,
 the Sum of Twenty Shilling,
 and very willing,
 stly and Truly,
 his 25th of July.

Thomas Blunt?

G

The

The Beginning and the End of Love.

A Pleasant Object gratifies the Eye,
 Makes ev'ry Sense to make a Feast complete,
 The Hopes of Pleasure captivates the Brain,
 And warms the flowing Blood in ev'ry Vein.
 Till by Degrees it kindles up Love's Fire,
 And arms the Fancy with a strong Desire;
 Makes us pursue with Eagerness and Heat,
 Those visionary Joys we think so sweet,
 Which when obtain'd, we find a foolish Cheat.

Upon a Scold.

Eternal Fury, hold thy cursed Tongue,
 So quick, so sharp, so loose, so loud, so long
 That neither Husband, Neighbour, Friend, nor Parent
 Can be at Ease, when e'er they hear it go.
 Dread Thunder is a much less frightful Noise,
 Drums, Guns, and Bells, are Musick to thy Voice
 The Pill'ry, which the perjur'd Villain fears,
 Cannot be half so uneasy to the Ears;
 Nor is the aching Head's vexatious Pain,
 Half so tormenting to a fickle Brain:
 Then Lord, defend, and keep my Ears secure
 From that sad Plague, which none but Death can cure.

*To the Proprietor of the Parnassus Packet.**Parnassus, 11th of May, 1702.**On Poetry. A Satyr.*

OVID a Story tells, his Wreath to Grace,
 How Phæbus and young Daphne ran a Race,
 The Poets fancy, The swift Maid pursued,
 And turn'd her into Lawrel to delude.
 Since with the Bays Apollo's Brows adorn,
 And are by Heroes, and by Poets worn;

Hero

Heroe and Poet, those two Fogs of Men,
 One's Skull's too thick, and t'other is too thin.
 But leaving the Knight-Errant to his Rage,
 Tis with the other Laureat I'll engage,
 That nameless Thing, a Poet, never made
 A Monster, like himself, tho' 'tis his Trade.
 His Veins, sometimes, in mighty Numbers swells,
 And Love, and Hate, and War, and Battles tells;
 He'll take an Age to make a Heroe be
 As mad in Arms, as he's in Poetry;
 Oft he in Fury does his Satyr whet,
 And his Point level at the Rich and Great,
 When they his Expectation do defeat.
 But when with whining Verse he writes to Philly,
 Nothing is so impertinently silly;
 He talks of sacred Groves and Hellicon,
 And of the mighty Hills he dreams upon.
 Let him talk on of Bowers, Fields, and Streams,
 Yet all his vast Possessions are but Dreams.
 His Spring is Ale, when he can get no Claret,
 And his *Parnassus* a lofty Garret:
 Where fancy'd Flames his heaving Breast inspire,
 Having no other but the Muses Fire.
 He says, That Verse immortal Fame can give,
 Whilst the poor Madman scarce finds Means to
 (live :
 But this is Truth too old, and when I tell it,
 'Tis thus I fancy, *Cythius aussem vellet*;
 Wretch that thou art, to ridicule the Flame,
 Which gives to Mortals an immortal Fame;
 Tell me for once, Apollo, tell me true,
 What's that immortal Fame? What can it do?
 Can it obtain a Lewis d'Or, or Guinea;
 Forth' Fool that whines and flatters like a Ninny;

40 Or get a Dinner at Pontack's and Locket's,
For the Spark that hath both empty Guts and
(Pockets)

Can it a Bottle gain without a Soufe?

Or Keep a Thread bare Jacket from a Loufe?

In case of Need, can it procure a Friend?

45 Or can it make a scornful Lady bend?

Great Sirs, you know the VVise on Money fit

And he's the bravest that hath Coach and six?

'Tis Gold that makes the Beau and Blockhead

(wits)

50 Whilst starving Poets beg with jingling Ditty

VVhat says the Oracle to these Queries?

Dic et tu mihi magnus eris, Apollo cries.

VVell, since the God of VVit says Nothing to

I'll neither be a Heroe, nor a Poet.

Epitaphs, Serious and Comical.

On Queen Mary, of blessed Memory.

WIThin this Urn her Sacred Ashes rest,

Who was of Consorts, and of Queens the best

In Person beautiful, in Temper mild,

Her Mind serene, with Passions undefil'd;

Her Vertue sullied by no VVrath nor Pride,

Forgiving Smiles did her Resentments hide.

Unblam'd she liv'd, and reign'd without a Foe,

Forward to pardon, but to punish slow.

To Christian Rules she strictly liv'd confin'd,

VVas just to God, and good to all Mankind.

The Church's Guardian Angel she appear'd,

Her Piety its declining Grandure rear'd;

Pop'ry cast out by her reforming Charms,

And hugg'd the fainting Kingdom in her Arms:

But here her fragrant Relicks lie interr'd,

VVhilst her just Soul enjoys its blest Reward.

On his Majesty King VVilliam.

HERE lies the fam'd Illustrious Prince,
VVilliam the Third, both Great and Good,
Who England sav'd, without th' Expence
Of Friend's or Adversary's Blood :
With steady Hands he rul'd the Reins,
Was cautious here, and watchful there,
Neither inflam'd the British Plains,
Nor chill'd the Soil for want of Care,
France trembled at his Warlike Sword,
Whilst England in her Safety joy'd ;
His active Soul with Vertues stor'd,
Was ne'er at Ease, unless employ'd.
And jealous England truly known
The Royal Vertues he possess'd,
He had not only blest the Throne,
But left his Kingdom doubly blest.
Great was his Birth, and great his Name ;
Great were his Deeds, here he lies,
Yet Ages cannot blast his Fame,
Who now is great above the Skies.

Character of King William the Third, attempted
by an Ingenious and Faithful Lover of his King
and Country.

HE was (but is no more)
The Head, Hand, and Heart of the Confederacy,
Asserter of Liberty, and Deliverer of Nations.
Support of the Empire.
Bulwark of Holland and Flanders.
Preserver of Britain.
Reducer of Ireland.
Terror of France.
His Thoughts were wise and secret.
Words few and faithful.

Actions many and Heroick.
 Government without Tyranny.
 Justice without Rigour.
 Religion without Superstition.
 He was Great with Pride.
 Valiant without Violence.
 Victorious without Triumph.
 Active without Weariness.
 Cautious without Fear.
 Meritorious with Thanks.
 King, Queen, Prince, Potentate, the world ne'er saw
 So wise, Just, Honest, Valiant as Nassau.
 He was ! ———
 But Words are wanting to say what :
 Say All that's Great and Good, and he was That.

An Epitaph on the Duke of *Grafton*, who was killed
 at the Taking of *Cork* in *Ireland*. Written by
 a Cabbin-Boy of a Ship.

BENEATH this Place,
 Is stow'd his Grace
 The Duke of *Grafton*,
 As true a Blade
 As e'er was made,
 Or e'er had Haft on,
 Mark'd with a Star,
 Was fam'd for War.
 Of Mettle True,
 As ever drew,
 Or made a Pass
 At Lad or Lass.
 This Son of Mars.
 Ne'er hung an Arse,
 Or turn'd his Tail,
 Tho', Shot like Hail,

Flew

Flew about his Ears,
Thro' Pikes and Spears,
So thick they hid the Sun,
He bravely led them on,
More like a Devil than Man,
He ne'er wou'd dread
Shot made of Lead,
Or Cannon Ball,
Nothing at all;
Put a Bullet of Cork
Soon did his Work.
Unhappy Pellet,
With Grief I tell it;
Thus quite undone
Great Cæsar's Son;
A Statesman spoil'd,
A Soldier Foil'd.

G ——— d Rot him
That Shot him;
A Son of a Whore,
I'll say no more.

But here lies Henry Duke of Grafion.

On Arch-B——p S——c.

HERE lies the Reverend S——'s Dust,
Whose Loyal Sufferings all discerning,
Are us'd as Glories by the Just,
To Crown his Piety and Learning.
Till Death, his Knowledge had no End,
His Active Soul was so Capacious,
He Liv'd the Church's faithful Friend,
And died a Second Athanasius.
His Conscience Just, his Spirit brave,
His Vertue greater Fame inherit,
Than Grecian Worthies in the Grave,
Or all the Roman Saints could merit.

H

His Mem'ry fully'd with no Crime,
 Will of Worth and Durance be ;
 'Twill bury Churches, out-live Time,
 And stand up with Eternity.

On a Knight who was beheaded in the Trouble
 some Times.

H E R E lies the Relicks of a martyr'd Knight,
 VVhose Loyalty unspotted as the Light,
 Seal'd with his Blood his injur'd Sov'reigns Right
 His Head the State did from his Body sever,
 Because, when living, 'twas his just Endeavour,
 To join the Nation and its Head together.

He boldly fell, girt round with weeping Soldiers,
 Imploring Heaven for th' Good of the Beholders,
 So to cut H---'s Head from England's shoulders.

On the Reverend Mr. Richard Robbins. By N.T.

H E R E lies the fleshly Prison, but the Saint
 Triumphs in Heaven, free from all Restraint
 Blest Robin ! Death to him has lost his Sting,
 His great aspiring Soul has taken wing ;
 Soaring, reach'd higher than the starry Sky,
 He liv'd By Faith, and did with Transport die.

On an Old Soldier, who, long before he dy'd, lost
 both Legs in the Service of his Country.

B Eneath this Stone, here lyeth one,
 VVho in his Race of Life to Death,
 VVas by his own two Legs out-run,
 Altho' they were first out of Breath :
 He follow'd twenty Years behind,
 VVhen they had long perform'd their Course ;
 They got the start, which was unkind,
 But now they're met, 'tis ne'er the worse:

His

His Courage sure did Death provoke,
who trying if his Heart was sound,
truck both his Legs off at one stroke,
yet could not bring him to the Ground,
till Age at last drew on Decay,
hasten'd by Bruises, Cuts, and Thumps,
then Death commanded him away,
forc'd him to march upon his Stumps.

On a Dutchman who was a great Lover of Fish,
and happen'd to choak himself with over Eager-
ness at a Fish Dinner.

HERE truly lies, for all our jeering,
The Quintessence of pickled Herring;
For Fish he lov'd like any Otter,
} May better when 'twas out of Water,
} And swam a second Time in Butter.
} But like those Sons that can't forbear
The Bottle, or the Charming-Fair,
beneath their Fate the Glutton fell,
And dy'd with that he lov'd so well.
In this Condition here he lies,
Till Dutchman shall to Heaven rise;
And when that joyful Time will be,
The Lord knows who may tell for me.

On a Man that dy'd of the Foul Disease.

HERE lies poor Wimbleton, God rest his Soul,
Bit by a damn'd Snap-Dragon in a Hole;
The Wound was mortal, none could do him good,
But Death, who Cur'd what no Physician cou'd.
Hard was his Fate! Farewel departed Brother,
Toss'd by one dirty Hole into another.

*On a Wooll-Comber, who was hang'd for
Sheep-Stealing.*

Beneath this Gallows lies Tom Kemp,
Who liv'd by Wool, and dy'd by Hemp.
The Fleece would not suffice the Glutton,
But with it he must steal the Mutton.
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter.
He'd ne'er been hang'd for a Sheep-biter.

*Spoke Extempore by a Seaman on his Comrade, that
that was shot in an Engagement, and flung over
Board.*

Intomb'd with a liquid Wave,
Lies honest Philip, once so brave :
Such Men as he the Queen has need of,
Pox take the Ball that shot his Head of,
And at once sent his brawny Crupper,
To give some greedy Shark a Supper.
Fire, my Lads, by all that's good,
We'll fight, till we revenge his Blood,
It never shall be said, but we,
To one we lose, will knock down three.

*On a Man that choak'd himself with a Bit of
New Bread.*

BY many Folks it has been said,
The only Staff of Life is Bread :
How could it then stop Simon's Breath,
And be the Occasion of his Death.
One little Morsel prov'd his last,
Which he devour'd in so much haste ;
That angry Death, in Passion swore,
He ne'er should swallow one bit more.

On an Old Woman, occasion'd by a Sexton filling
up her Grave with a Wooden Leg.

Here lies an Old Woman G—d D—n her
That liv'd at the Sign of the Hammar,
She dy'd of the Cholick,
A very pretty Frolick,
To see how the Sexton did Ram her.

A Man who had no Children by his Wife, told
her, when she dy'd the following should be her
Epitaph.

Under this Slate,
Lies Barren Kate.

Who reply'd, then this shall be yours.

Under this Stone,
Lies one that had none,

On John Brown, who kill'd himself with Eating
of Curds. Written by his Wife.

Here lies John Brown, a Man of few Words,
Who Kill'd himself with eating of Curds;
But had he been rul'd by Joan his Wife,
He might have Liv'd all the Days of his Life.

On Chancellor Hide's Son, who Dy'd a Youth at
Westminster School, and was bury'd in the
Abby. Written with a Piece of Chalk upon
his Stone, by one of his School-Fellows.

Here lies Ned Hide,
Because he Dy'd;
We had much rather
It had been his Father;
Had it been his Sister,
We had not mist her.

But since 'tis Ned
That here lies Dead,
Who was in Truth,
A pretty Youth.
Let fall a Tear upon his Stone,
To shew you're sorry he is gone.

On Sir John Calf, who was three Times Lord
Mayor of York.

HERE lies Sir John Calf, who was three times
Lord-Mayor of this City
Honour, Honour, Honour,

A Sprak Reading it, Writes thus underneath.

OH cruel Death! More subtle than a Fox,
Who would not let this Calf become an Ox,
That he might browse among the Briars & Thorns,
And wear among his Brethren, Horns, horns, horns.

On one Mr. Tame's Wife, whose Maiden Name
was Wild.

INtomb'd here lies my Dearest Dame,
I woo'd her Wild, and made her Tame;
Lo! here she lies without Bed or Blanket,
Dead as a Door-Nail, God be thanked.

On Abraham a Taylor's Wife, whose Name
was Sarah.

ON Abraham's Bosom full of Lice,
To Abraham's Bosom in Paradise,
The Soul of Sarah took its Flight,
And bid the Lousie Rogue good Night.

On Thomas Saffin, in Stepney Church-yard,

HERE Thomas Saffin lies inter'd, O why?
Born in New-England, did in London dye?
Was the third Son of Eight, begot upon
His Mother Martha, by his Father John:
Belov'd by his Prince he began to be,
Till nipt by Death at the Age of twenty three.
Fatal to him was that we Small-pox name,
By which his Mother and three Brethren came
To breath their last some several Years before,
Leaving their aged Father to deplore,
The Loss of all his Children, with a Wife,
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life.

On Marsh an Informer.

STAY, Reader, and piss here, for it is said,
Under this Dirt a sly Informer's laid.
If Hell be pleas'd when Mortals cease to Sin,
And Heaven be pleas'd when Villains enter in,
And Earth be pleas'd when it intombs a Knave,
Sure all are pleas'd now Marsh is in his Grave.

On a Good Woman.

THE Dame that takes her rest within this Tomb,
Had Rachel's Face, and Leath's fruitful Womb,
Abigail's Wisdom, Lydia's faithful Heart,
Martha's just Care, and Mary's better Part.

On the Lord L——n, who expir'd in the A^d
of Generation.

HERE fast asleep,
Full twelve Foot deep,
The Earl of Lin——n lies,
Who with his own Spade,
His own Grave made
Betwixt his Lady's Thighs.

A Passenger Reading, added what follows.

If thro' that Hole
To Heaven he stole,
I will be bold to say,
He was the last
That ever past,
And first that found that Way.

On a Young Lady that Died on her Wedding-
Day before her Bridegroom had Bedded her,
who caus'd a double Stone to be put over her,
with this Epitaph.

Beneath, here lies a Marry'd Maid,
Whose Grave became her Bridal-Bed;
But since she Elop'd as soon as Wedded,
Her Bridegroom to her Mem'ries Honour,
Has plac'd a pair of Stones upon her;
Resolving, since alive she'd none,
When Dead, she should have more than one;
But whilst he breaths he still is Greiving,
To thing she had 'em not when Living.

Under-Writ by a Passenger.

Perhaps the pretty Bird was flown,
That he so much rely'd upon;
Which made her Dye with Grief affected,
To think she'd lost what he expected,
'Tis true her Case was something hard,
But Dead, one Stone he might have spar'd,
Because when living, many swear,
She had been Cover'd with a Pair.

SONGS and BALLADS.

On Queen Mary's Death. A Song.

Sordid Fate, to snatch from Earth,
The brightest Soul that e'er had birth;
Vertue, Wit, and Beauty's fled,
To grace the Mansions of the Dead.

To mourn for her so Just and Fair,
A Crown of Cyprus will I wear;

O'er her Urn I'll daily weep,
Wherein her sacred Ashes sleep,

Grieve so bright a Creature,
Bless'd by Heaven and Nature,
Should with each Majestick Feature,

In the Dust be laid.

But Oh! she's dead, dead, dead, dead.

Oh! she's dead,

Oh! she's dead, dead, dead.

But since our Tears cannot a Moment save,
From greedy Death, the Wise or Great,

Or call them back a Minute from a Grave,
Why should we grieve, or thus lament her Fate?

For Vertue, Wit and Beauty mortal are,

When Fate commands, they must away,

Where Kings and Beggars, Homely, and the Fair,
Free from Contempt or Envy mix their Clay.

Then let's forget

To mourn the Fate

Of Good or Great;

When once they're gone;

And merry be,

To think such Shrubs as we

Escape and see

Such lofty Pines cut down.

Sorrow

Sorrow Drown'd in a Glas : Or, The Dead
Mistress soon forgot.

Since Corina's fled away,
To the blessing of immortal Day,
And leave me thus behind on Earth,
To give my Sorrow daily birth :
I'll to some cool shade retire,
Where Turtles Wings shall fan my fire :
My sweet tun'd Lute I'll tune and play
The tedious Hours of Life away.
Corinna's Name my Song shall be,
The Bird's shall join in Harmony

Thus banish Misery
And merry, merry be ;

I'll sing and play
My Time away
Beneath a shady Tree.

But since she's gone, why should I grieve ?

My sighs cannot the Loss retrieve :

'Tis a folly to be sad
For sorrow makes us mad ;
It's better far

To drown our Care
And make our Spirits glad.

CHORUS.]

Come hither

You Birds that are of a Feather ;
And as the old Proverb says,
Let's flock together.

Here's Wine boys,
So sparkling, so pleasant and fine boys,
Such sacred Liquor,
Drowns ev'ry ill Design boys,

The DOCTOR.

See Sirs, see here, a Doctor rare,
Who travells much at Home;
Here take my Pill, I cure all Ills,
Past, present and to come.

The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch, the
(Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs, the Bonny Scrubs, and all, all, all,
(all, all Pandora's Box;

Thousands I have dissected,
Thousands more erected,
And such Cures effected, as none e'er can tell.

Let the Cholick Rack ye,
Let the Palsie shake ye,
Let the Crinkums break ye,
Let the Murrain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well.
Thousands, &c.

Come Wits so keen,
Devour'd with Spleen,
Come Beaus who've strain'd your Backs ;
Great Belly'd Maids,
Old founder'd Jades,
And Pepper'd Vizard Cracks.

I soon remove the Pains of Love,
And ease the Love-sick Maid.
The Hot, the Cold, the Young, the Old,
The Living and the Dead.

I clear the Lads with Wainscot Face,
And from Pimgennaets free,

Plump

Plump Ladies Red,
 Like Sarazens Head,
 With toping Ratafia.
 This with a jick,
 Will do your work,
 And scour you o'er and o'er,
 Read, judge, and try, and if you die,
 Never believe me more,
 Never, never, never, never, never believe me more.
 Here are People and Sports,
 Of all sizes and sorts;
 Coach'd Damsel and 'Squire,
 And Mob in the Mire;
 Tarpaulins,
 Trugmullions,
 Lords, Ladies,
 Sows, Babies,
 And Loobies in scores,
 Some Hauling,
 Some Bauling,
 Some Leering,
 Some Fleering,
 Some Loving,
 Some Shoving,
 With Legions of Furbelow'd Whores.
 To the Tavern some go,
 And some to a Show :
 See Poppits
 For Moppits,
 Jack Puddings;
 For Cuddens,
 Rope Dancing,
 Mares Prancing,
 Boats Flying,
 Quacks Lying,

Pick Pockets,
Pick plackets
Tars, butchers, and beaus :
Fops prattling,
Dice rattling,
Rooks shamming.
Puts damning,
Whores painting,
Masks tainted,
In Tally Man's Furbelow'd Cloaths,
If Mobs Joy would you know,
To the Musick-House go,
See Taylors,
And Sailors,
Whores Oyly,
In Doyley
Here Musick makes you Sick.
Cows skipping,
Clowns tripping
Some joaking
Like Spiggot and Tap ;
Short Measure,
Strange Pleasure,
Thus Billing,
And Swilling,
Some Yearly,
Get fairly, for Fairings,
Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

War with the Leviathan : Or, The Royal Fisher.
By R. S.

WHERE your Epitomiz'd may see
What Crews to Sea Long-Island sends
What, and how great those Hazards, be,
Which on that brave Design attends:

The

The Tune. Hey to the Temple.

Why stay we at Home now the Season is come?
 Jolly Ladies let us liquor our Throats;
 Our Interest we wrong, if we tarry too long,
 Then all Hands, let us fit out our Boots;
 Let each Man prepare
 Of the Tackling his Share,
 By Neglect a good Voyage may be lost;
 Come I say,
 Let's away,
 Make no Stay
 Nor Delay,
 For the Winter brings Whales on the Coast.
 Harry, Will, Robin, Ned, with bold Tom in the Head,
 And Sam in the Stern bravely stand,
 As Rugged a Crew (if you give them their due)
 As e'er did take Oars in their Hands:
 Such Heroes as these
 Will with Blood stain the Seas,
 When they joyn with their Resolute Mates,
 Who with Might,
 Void of Fright,
 With Delight,
 Boldly Fight,
 Mighty Whale, as if they were but Sprats.
 Come Coyl in the War, see the Hatches be sharp,
 And make reedy the Irons and Launces;
 Each Man ship his Oar, and leave nothing on Shore,
 That is needful the Voyage to advance;
 See the Buoy be made right,
 And the Drug fitted tight,
 So that nothing be wanting anon,
 Never doubt,
 But look out,

Round

Round about,
There's a Spout,

Come away, Boys, let's Launch if we can:
The Surff runs too high, 'twill be down by and by,

Take a Slatch to go off; now 'twill do,
Huzza! Launch a main, for the Sea grows again,
Pull up briskly a Stroke (Boys) or two,

Ha, well Row'd! 'Tis enough,

We are clear of the Surff,

Every Hand heave out Water apace,

There's the Whale,

That's her Back,

That looks Black;

There's her Wake.

Pull away, Boys, let's give her Chase.

Ha! well Row'd, Jolly Trouts, pull away, there she

And we gain of her briskly I find, (spouts;

We're much about her ground, let's take a Dram

And her Rising be sure let us mind; (round,

She is here just a head,

Stand up Tom, pull up Ned;

We are Fast, back a Stern what ye may,

Hold on Lad;

I'm afraid,

She's a Jade,

She's so Mad,

She's Scragg, for your Lives cut away.

It is but in vain to despond or complain,

Tho' we've met with Misfortunes already,

'Tis Courage must do, for the Proverb you know,

A faint Heart never won a fair Lady,

Come this is no Disgrace,

Pull up Lads, t'other Chase,

Our Motes will be fast without doubt;

So what Chear?

VVe are near,

She

She is there,
 No, she's here,
 Just a Stern; jolly Hearts, pull about.
 Pull briskly, for there she's risen very fair,
 Back a-Stern, it is up to the Strap;
 Well done om, bravely throw'd, chearly Lads,
 (bravely row'd,
 'Tis not always we meet with Mishap;
 Veer our Wrap, let her Run,
 She will quickly have done;
 Well done Mate, 'twas a brave second Stroke,
 Now she Jirks,
 Who can work,
 Veer out wrap,
 She Tows sharp,
 Hang the Blacksmith, our Launce it is broke.
 Pull a head, haul in worp, for she tows not so sharp,
 But's beginning to flounce and to strike;
 Fit a Launce, let us try, if we can by and by
 Give her one gentle Touch to the quick.
 Bravely throw'd, jolly Lads,
 She's nothing nigh so mad
 As she was, t'other Launce may do good;
 Well done Tom,
 That was Home
 To her Womb,
 Makes her Foam,
 She's sick at the Heart, she spouts Blood,
 The bus'ness is done, launch no more, let's alone,
 'Tis her Hurry, she's as dead as a Herring;
 Let's take her in a Tow, and all Hands stoutly row,
 And Mate, Sam, prithee mind well thy Steering;
 The Wind begins to blow,
 And the Seas bigger grow,
 Every Man put his Strength to his Oar:

Leave

Leave to Prate,
Now 'tis late ;
Well row'd Mate ;
Hey for Kate,

She's a-Ground, cut away, let's Ashore.

Come turn up the Boats, let's put on our Coats,
And to Ben's, there's a cherruping Cup :
Let's comfort our Hearts, ev'ry Man his two quarts,
And to morrow all Hands to cut up.

Betimes leave your Wives,
Bring your Hooks and your Knives,
And let none lie a-bed like a Lubber :

But begin
With the Sun,
To have done
Before Noon,

That the Carts may come down for the Blubber.

F I N I S.



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